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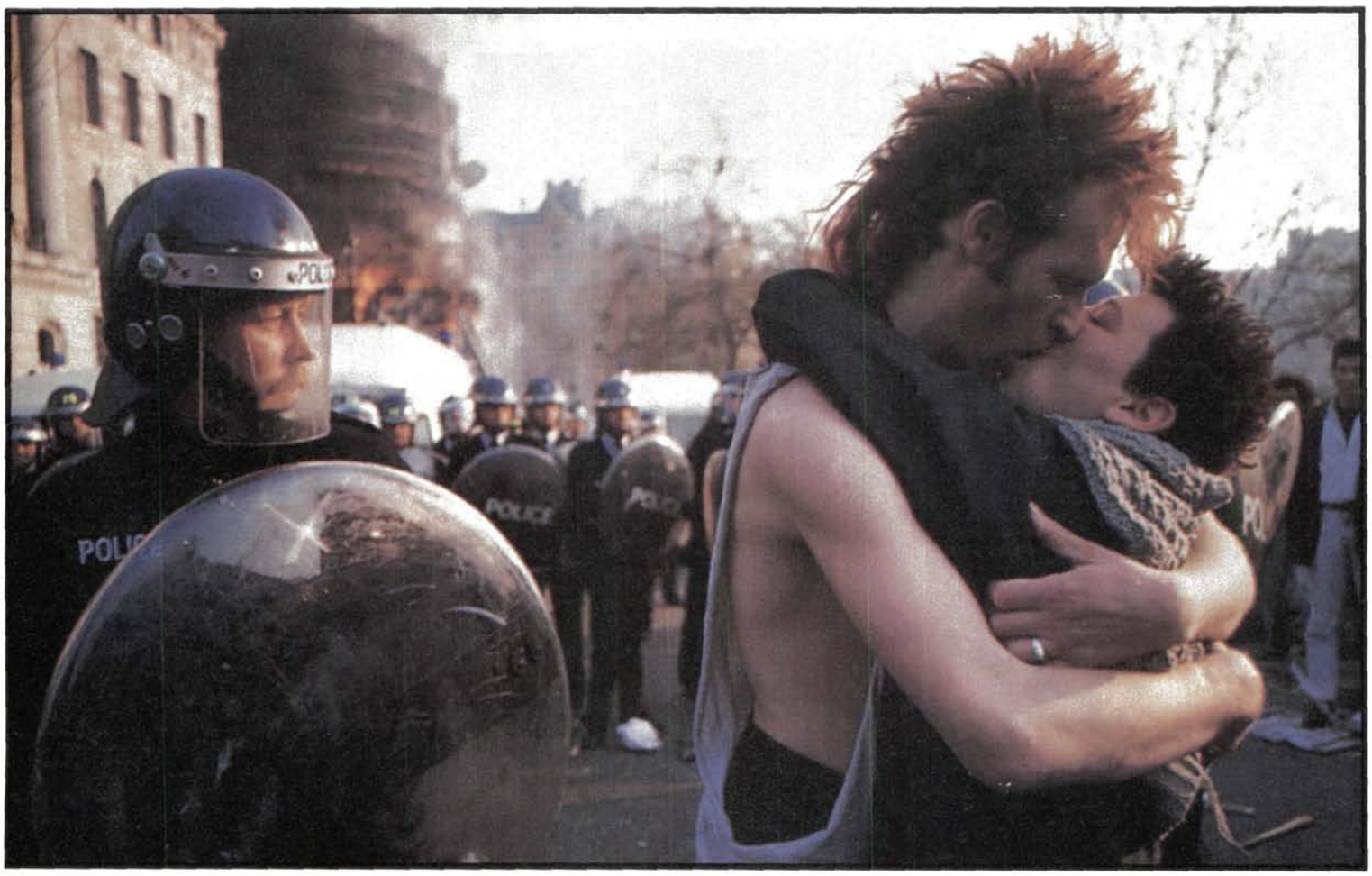

When the kissing had to stop

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Watching tv ads; women who leave their children; terror in Strangeways Prison

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EDITORIAL

Law and order

The Tories are traditionally strong on law and order issues. But has the ground shifted under their feet?

Andrzej Krauze

Mrs Thatcher could scarcely conceal her delight about last Saturday's poll tax riot, but that delight may well prove premature. Together with the riot at Strangeways Prison—and we write, fearfully, under the shadow of possible atrocities—the riot may transform law and order from a dormant political issue to an active one; and traditionally this is an issue where the Conservatives beat Labour in the polls—50 per cent of people think the Tories have the best policies on law and order, and only 30 per cent for Labour.

But there is a new mood in British politics which may well see such traditions turned upside down. Almost certainly the government's openly partisan response to the riot in Trafalgar Square won't go down well with the new public perception of its conduct. And it may well be that its equally partisan charge-capping strategy, seeking to lay the blame for high poll tax bills on Labour authorities, will misfire too. In Britain, Mrs Thatcher has only to fool 40-45 per cent of the people at any one time, but she's finding even that increasingly difficult.

But politicians and the police generally have failed to measure up to the significance of what's happening. The Tories tried to scapegoat the Labour Party, Labour in turn tried to scapegoat Militant and the Socialist Workers, and they tried to scapegoat Class War—who grabbed the buck with enthusiasm. The police, too, blamed unnamed politically extreme groups, being unable (as our anonymous reporter on page 10 argues) to acknowledge their own deepening crisis of credibility.

It is, of course, very easy to cast blame, and extraordinarily hard to divine what's going on—and when brave and intelligent people, like Jeanette Winterson in our Christmas issue, try to lift the stone of consensus from political imaginations numbed by Thatcherism, and try to examine the crisis in public life, then they are excoriated not only by the right, but by the right-thinking (see, for example, John Lloyd's hysterical response in the first issue of the *Independent on Sunday*) in Labour's ranks.

We know no more than anyone else. But plainly society is biting back. Mrs Thatcher's disregard for the social fabric of Britain, at the same time as she plunged the country into revolutionary, and inescapable, changes, is now bearing strange fruit. These are turbulent times, not only in Trafalgar Square and Strangeways, but everywhere. Disaffected young people are to be found as much in country towns as in the inner cities. Even the Conservative Party is simmering with revolt.

In Britain, governments are elected and political parties are represented in parliament without the political legitimacy which a fair electoral system would begin to bestow. But culturally, too, the political parties now lack legitimacy. Most ordinary people scorn and distrust politicians, and don't expect them to represent their overall interest.

Labour is no longer truly the party of the working class, nor even the *organised* working class; not even Tony Benn, who's played an entirely honourable role in recent events, can speak to the "normal-looking" young working class people who ran amok last Saturday. Of course, the party must protect itself against the Tories' cynical attempts to tag them as the party of political disorder. But if the party is ever to become a natural party of government, able to bring about real shifts in the balance of power and opportunity, then it has to win over the very people its leaders are now rubbishing.

Meanwhile, we await the outcome of the Strangeways riot, which may well dwarf the events of Saturday and ought certainly to shame the government out of playing the hard-line "law and order" card. In any event, after 11 years in power, Mrs Thatcher may find that this card yields diminishing return. The benefits of being a Conservative—and so appearing sound on crime—may be outweighed by the liabilities of being held responsible for public disorder.

This is as it should be. The one belief that unites all Conservatives, from old-style Tories to proponents of the minimalist "night watchman" state, is that the primary duty of a government is to secure the defence of the realm and preserve the Queen's peace. But they are wrong to assume that this is just a matter of a strong police force and strict courts. It is a matter of social policies which produce and enhance, rather than destroy, a sense of national well-being. The record of the last 11 years—riots in St Pauls, Brixton, Toxteth, Tottenham, Wapping, Trafalgar Square, and almost every prison—is a sign of the government's failure, even in its own terms, to establish its own legitimacy.

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Our future

Through a major financial restructuring organised jointly with the Joseph Rowntree Social Service Trust Ltd, staff and management of *NSS* have organised a buyout of the magazine. Heads of agreement with the company board are being signed this week.

"This deal, which is partially based on a sale and lease-back of our premises with the Rowntree Trust, will provide a substantial base for the development of the magazine," says Pat Coyne, chief executive, "but it is only a first stage. We are also actively engaged in raising further funds to make us *the* English-language magazine of the democratic left in Europe."

The magazine's board has been involved in negotiations with several major bidders over the past six months, but has been unable to secure safeguards for editorial independence. Under the buyout, a board of trustees is to be established to protect the *NSS*'s editorial integrity. We will be seeking funds from a variety of sympathetic parties rather than from a single individual and will publish details of progress.

Dream factories

One inconvenient fact that nobody is likely to mention at the inevitable Strangeways prison inquiry is that peace in prisons is preserved by many of the inmates getting regular supplies of drugs. Witnesses are likely to fall back on the usual (and justified) complaints about over-crowding, under-staffing, and slopping out. But a liberal stock of drugs is a definite residential attraction for any prison, from the point of view both of officers and many inmates—and when trouble flares, it is worth asking whether there has been an interruption in the supply.

In every prison, the staff depend for discipline on the co-operation of key cons—inmates who have a sort of NCO status. Invariably these prisoners have a crucial role in the distribution of drug and (to a lesser extent) drink supplies. Where there is a breakdown in this informal system of authority, trouble will follow.

The simple fact is that while inmates are doing bird they survive by weaving fantasies about the outside world. In that sense prisons are "dream factories", and for a growing number of prisoners the dreams are sustained by the use of illicit drugs. Once the starkness of the ordeal is made manifest either by the termination of supplies or the turpitude of key inmates, the riot bells start ringing.

Dust to dust

In 1981 Mrs and Mr Merlin learned that the contents of their vacuum cleaner were radioactive. Fearing for their children's health, they decided to move; two years later they managed to sell their £60,000 house in Cumbria for £35,000. Their attempt to get some sort of compensation from British Nuclear Fuels, under the 1965 Nuclear Installations Act, crumbled into dust this week. The act, set up to govern compensation for any damage to property or personal injury caused by the nuclear industry, has proved an ass.

The struggle faced by those suffering from cancer to pin responsibility on the nuclear industry is well known (see James Cutler and Michael Burke, page 20). But this is the first time the section on "damage to any property" under the act has been interpreted in court. The judge, Mr Justice Gatehouse, ruled that the Merlins' claim for damages was not covered under the act. Radioactive dust blowing into their home from nearby radioactive beaches did not constitute damage to property. In fact, said the judge, he could not believe that parliament had meant "property" (for which there is no definition in the act) to extend to "air space". This was "far fetched" and he proposed to take the "narrow view of the term 'property'" as applied to the Merlins' house. Bricks and mortar he would accept; actual living space he would not.

Enough radiation to damage a building would kill you instantly and your relations could claim for you *and* the building. Less than that, the building would still stand while your hair fell out and you died three days later—comforted by the fact that your family would get substantial damages. Further down the scale, you might get cancer after 20 years, followed by the chance to take the nuclear industry to court.

The Gatehouse ruling has the ludicrous consequence that if a Chernobyl happened in Cumbria, those families forced to move away because their homes were too radioactive to support life would get no compensation at all—unless they suffered personal injury. The Merlins are in a somewhat similar—if less dramatic—position. They have been forced to move away from their home to lessen the risk of their children getting cancer, suffering substantial financial loss into the bargain, with no chance of compensation. It now seems that you have to get cancer before you get the chance to make a claim against the nuclear industry. Dust isn't property, risk isn't injury, the law isn't working.

Sitting on defence

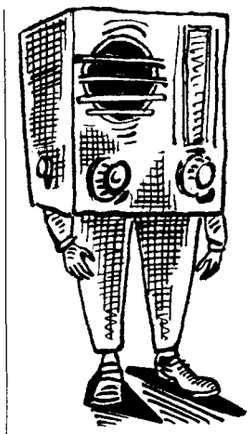
West Germany announces that it will trim its defence forces by nearly 20 per cent. In Czechoslovakia, the newly elected government decides to cut its armed forces personnel by 30 per cent, only days after reaching agreement for all Soviet troops to leave the country. The Soviets pull out of Hungary, the Poles want them out too, and the East German army goes AWOL, with conscripts heading for home and officers seeking commissions in the Federal Republic.

And here in Britain, Defence Secretary Tom King counsels caution. Later this year, according to Monday's defence white paper, the cabinet will get an interim report on options for re-shaping our armed forces. There are vague hints of cuts, but no decision will be taken until autumn, and a large part of the modest savings will be spent on making the armed forces more efficient.

The British defence establishment is clearly an almighty rearguard action, with the aim of delaying any serious defence review and keeping cuts to the minimum. The end result is obvious: Britain will be left behind as the rest of Europe cuts defence spending and ploughs the savings into the civil economy.

Britain's persistently high defence budget has been conditioned by two factors: a belief in the Soviet threat and a perception of ourselves as a global power. Each is now, at best, an historical anomaly. We should be developing a security posture in tune with our status—a weak industrial power on the periphery of Europe with a desperate need to commit resources to industrial redevelopment for the intensely competitive post-1992 Europe.

The Thatcher government blew the opportunity to use the North Sea oil windfall to reshape the British industrial base. It is all set to blow the prospects for a 1990s peace dividend on a grotesquely excessive defence policy. Here is Labour's opportunity, but there is little sign that the party has the courage to grasp it.



Our distinguished diarist, Sean French, is already in trouble with the BBC for leaking the results of Radio 4's *The Year In Question* quiz before they are broadcast. Suffice it to say, then, that you can hear the *NSS* do battle with the Green magazine in the semi-finals on Wednesday 11 April at 12.25pm. The results . . . but no, you must listen for yourself

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LETTERS

Tea and sex

I share a flat with a friend, male, who has Aids. He also has another serious illness which causes him to have fits. During these fits, which can be quite physically violent, he needs attention which I provide. Clearly there is some danger of my contracting Aids from him in these circumstances. But that is a consequence of friendship which one accepts.

I read with interest your editorial ("Aids and comforts", 23 March). Many such articles have accused heterosexuals, like myself, of not taking the dangers of Aids seriously. I do not consider myself as part of "the comfortable middle class" who wonder fearfully whether it can come to them. I know it can, and am prepared to take a risk I understand with suitable precautions.

However, I am told that the virus is contracted principally through using contaminated needles and through vigorous sex, which I assume involves the passage of blood between partners. I can imagine how this could happen during anal intercourse or, as prostitutes understandably fear, during intercourse with "rough trade".

My heterosexual sex may be very boring, but I am not aware that blood has ever been transferred into my body whilst making love with my female partner. In these circumstances I frankly fail to see how the Aids virus is transferred.

The public is constantly told that the HIV virus is delicate and not passed on through kissing, drinking from cups or contact with lavatory seats. I believe this to be true and think it is important to emphasise it to counter people's fears and to help resist the tendency to discriminate against Aids sufferers.

However, until I am convinced that heterosexual sex is more dangerous than taking tea with an Aids sufferer, I shall continue to enjoy it—rubber free and, by choice, not totally monogamously with like-minded partners.

Ray Corness
London NW6

Correction

A Stasi mole has been at work on my piece "Keep on running" (23 March) in the *NSS* editing computer. Hans Dietrich Genscher isn't in the SPD but is "the only FDP (Liberal Party) figure of any standing", and Oskar Lafontaine is the chancellor-candidate, not the presidential candidate, of the SPD. Call him off before I lose what friends I have in Bonn.

Christopher Harvie
Rheidol Terrace
London N1

The end of marriage

Given the quantity of articles in your pages about women leaving husbands who batter them, about men who spend six hours a week with their children—and the lonely hearts ads of mothers of young children looking for another man, the conclusion is inescapable: that the relatively recent concept of marriage as a state in which all sexual and most social needs are satisfied is destined for the dumper.

If most women are, understandably, dissatisifed with the role of wife/mother/support offered by marriage, it is also true that most men would rather not be married at all.

Why don't they spend more than six hours a week with their children? They're not interested. Why do they lose touch with their children after divorce? They're not interested. The only possible advantage is surely that when one is 60 there will be someone around young enough to clean the gutters in the autumn.

Whether women and men have always been like this, or because the world is full, some kind of genetic switch has gone, to cause the rise of the Me generation and a distaste for children, it is impossible to know.

But New Man is now fed up with being told that everything is his fault. Leave him alone.

R Dexter
Kingston
Surrey

Editor's note: We've approached certain men to write about matters such as fatherhood, marriage, and sexual relationships. Unfortunately, they have been reluctant to speak out. Perhaps we asked the wrong ones? Are the right men out there?

Changing the *ancien regime*

Paul Osmond ("Cracking up", 9 March) is right on the potential and wider implications of the Scottish Constitutional Convention.

The Convention via cross-party co-operation is examining electoral reform, entrenched rights for individuals and against central diktat, and dispersed sovereignty, all previously anathema to Labour.

At the British level, the Convention's deliberations are crucial to the question of how and indeed if an *ancien regime* can democratise itself? A positive example of this can be part found in the recent experiences of Spain and France.

Charter 88 and the Convention provide a route to escape the myths and distortions, secrecy and lies of the British state, which still treats all of us as "subjects" in an unenlightened authoritarian kindergarten.

Decentralism does implicitly mean federalism. If this is to have popular legitimacy it must be via some kind of rolling programme with rolling, staggered regional referenda to allow Assemblies where people want them. This is not piecemeal reform, only antagonistic to Fabian grandiose design.

The convention is crucial to the above. An agreed Convention consensus would increase the likelihood of the contours of a Scottish Parliament to come being decided in Scotland and not in Roy Hattersley's grand strategy of diluted constitutional tinkering with the *ancien regime* of absolutism. Labour's historic win in the Mid-Staffordshire by-election, and a national Labour 20-year best lead of 20 per cent plus, the climate is decisively changing.

For this reason, it is salutory to note that it is still not enough merely to change the guard on the authoritarian kindergarten.

Gerry Hassan
Fullarton Street
Dundee

Nursing Denis

Why will people keep writing that the state of Denis's health would be a cause for Thatcher to resign? The idea of her relinquishing power to nurse Denis is ludicrous. She would simply provide him with a nurse.

Hilda M Snowden
Victoria Mansions
Thackley
Bradford
West Yorkshire

Kicking Pantheon

One can only assume that by giving over a double page spread to unpleasant goings on in the New York publishing world ("Writers take to the streets", "Life in the hot air factory", 23 March) you intended the pieces to be read more as an editorial comment than as a filler in the back half of the magazine.

Andre Schiffrin's enforced departure from Pantheon Books is, as your writers suggest and others have made clear, more than just another piece of publishers' trade gossip. It is not easy to cite a hypothetical British equivalent of the Pantheon hatchet-job, as no British publisher fulfills the role that Schiffrin *père et fils* have done in the United States; the closest would probably have been the sacking of Kingsley Martin in the days when the *New Statesman* was a widely read and internationally respected magazine.

That New York's literary establishment is, like any other, both self-righteous and self-serving, is hardly surprising. Cockburn insinuates, but is careful not to claim, that Pantheon under Schiffrin cared not a damn for the plight of the underdog in Central America, the Middle East and elsewhere. It would be tedious to nail this preposterous *canard* with chapter and verse from Pantheon's publishing over the years; suffice it to say that anyone so inclined could trawl through

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Pantheon's list and find plenty of books and authors to disprove Cockburn's malicious innuendo.

Finally, at a time when, as Cockburn reminds us, corporations are rampaging through book—and magazine—publishing, it ill behoves a magazine like yours to kick a left-of-centre publisher when he is down.

Just for the record, yes, I do have an interest to declare—Pantheon under Schiffrin took a number of North American editions of books issued by the publishing house for which I work. Our authors received considerably greater royalty cheques as a consequence and our finances also benefited.

Stephen Hayward
London E1

Sitting on the fence

Your article "Baltic bad faith" (16 March) is right to question the meaning of the British government's 60-year-long *de jure* recognition of Lithuania now that Lithuania has reaffirmed that independence *de facto*.

William Waldegrave's statement could have been written by Gorbachev himself, more or less stating that Lithuania could only be fully recognised when Moscow agrees. We, in the British Lithuanian community, have been repeatedly assured that HM government will never recognise the incorporation into the Soviet Union and will always support the aspirations of Lithuanian people.

At the moment, however, these assurances seem to be condescending platitudes of little worth. In the 1960s they gave away millions of pounds of gold, deposited in the Bank of England in good faith by Independent Lithuania in the 1930s, to Moscow, and now at the critical moment when Lithuania needs her friends, they are sitting on the fence.

You say that "Lithuanians are entitled to feel a little sore"—and I do. But as a British citizen too, I feel sick at witnessing yet more cynical disregard for justice and the will of the people in the name of realpolitik and diplomacy by the British Foreign Office.

A V Kuliukas
Bucks

Anti-gay bigotry

Sean French ("Diary", 30 March) draws our attention to a recent piece of anti-gay journalism in the *Sun*, where a television critic condones Stalin's policy of "banning poofs".

I would like to draw *NSS* readers' attention to a debate which is raging in the letters pages of a local paper, the *Oxford Daily Mail*. In response to the City Council's decision to rent one of its properties to a lesbian and gay centre project, one Dr Mark Mayall, a psychiatrist and a prospective Conservative parliamentary candidate, wrote: "The encouragement of totally immoral behaviour through tolerance of such groups as homosexuals strikes at the very roots of morality within our culture." This piece of bigotry has inspired others, equally offensive and frightening, as well as more supportive contributions.

Despite the Conservative Party's verging-on-tolerant facade described in a recent *NSS* article, we can be in no doubt as to the skin-deep nature of that tolerance.

Nell Druce
Lesbian and Gay Centre Project
Oxford

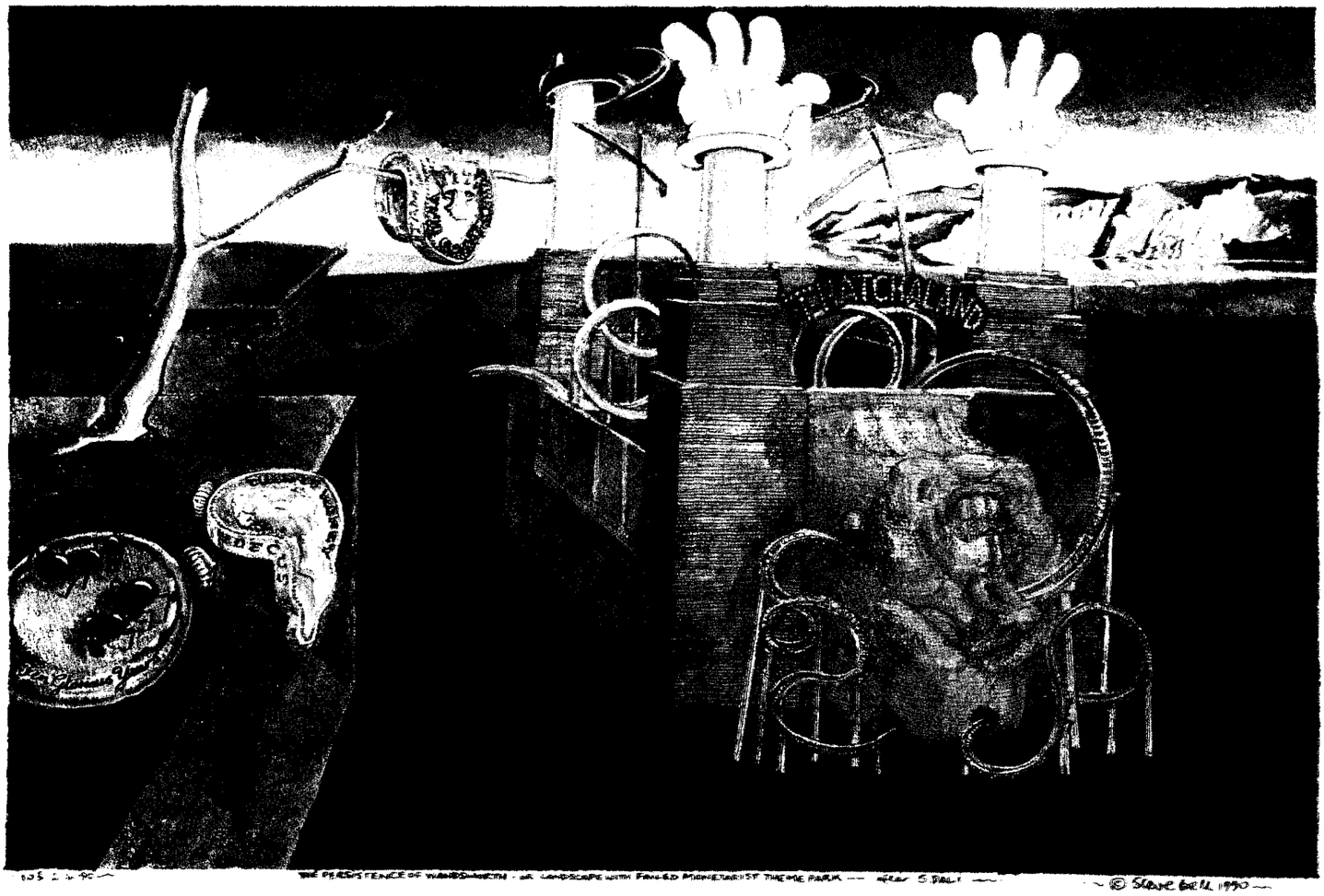
THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please)

● I would like to protest at the decision to interrupt the *Antiques Roadshow* (BBC 1) in order to show Nelson Mandela speaking live from Cape Town just after his release from prison. There was a news bulletin scheduled for less than an hour later which would have been quite adequate, particularly as the transmission was rather poor.
—Letter in the *Radio Times*
(R Rubin)

● HANDEL. The Water Music (used in the Water Shares ads)—Sir Neville Marriner.—From the Britannia Music Club ad in the *Observer* (N R Lines)

● And he has just been told that he was more right than he knew in making the mad Desirée in his new novel wear tinted glasses. "Many unbalanced people wear tinted glasses. Remember Dirty Harry, when he goes to help someone threatening to jump off a building: well, that chap was wearing tinted glasses."—Kingsley Amis in the *Independent on Sunday* (G Moor)



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DIARY

Sean French

In August 1862, Abraham Lincoln, the most revered politician in history, said publicly of the Civil War, then at its bloody height, "My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is *not* either to save or destroy Slavery."

Lincoln faced a crisis much like that of President Gorbachev's with Lithuania, though the union of American states was far looser than the Soviet Union. Like Lithuania, the Confederacy claimed its right democratically to secede, and Lincoln successfully opposed it at a cost of hundreds of thousands of lives.

There is no modern nation whose boundaries have not been established through oppression and slaughter. A country's territories consist of what it can hold on to, by force if necessary. The wishes of an occupied people count only if they are able to express their wishes in actions that make the area ungovernable.

Some western reporters have responded to the crisis in Pavlovian fashion, describing it as the end of *perestroika*. But the response of politicians and thinking people has been more interestingly complex. Most western leaders face nationalist problems on the fringes of their territories, and Mrs Thatcher certainly won't want to encourage the principle by which discrete groups of the population can arbitrarily decide to opt out of the United Kingdom.

It's useful to be made to think about terms like democracy and the right to self-determination as something other than flags to be waved at eastern Europe. T S Eliot once decreed that societies should be racially homogeneous. A few countries like this already exist. The Australian immigrants maintained the principle by murdering the native population and then, in the 20th century, systematically forbidding non-white immigration.

Just as there are some people on the left who —secretly or not—would like to see apartheid resolved by civil war rather than negotiation, so there are others on the right who would like to see Gorbachev go down in flames. And if a further result was a collection of murderous little nationalist, or racist states, so much the better.

I wrote a few weeks ago about anti-fur campaigners partly because I wanted someone to explain what made fur worse than, say, leather shoes, or the more horrific and obviously harmful (to both animals and people) factory farming.

Andrew Linington kindly took the trouble to write in (the letter was published in last week's *NSS*) but his explanation merely repeats what had so worried me in the first place. In his words, apart from being "unnecessary objects" that cause "a great deal of pain and suffering to animals" fur coats "are also a symbol of haves and have-nots—a flaunting of wealth and opulence, the sartorial equivalent of a Rolls Royce. In starting to remove these symbols of animal suffering, we can hopefully remove some of the associated oppression of people."

But might it then not be a more effective solution to encourage an *increase* in the number of fur farms? With greater production the price would come down and less rich people would be able to afford fur coats. They would then cease to be the symbol of conspicuous consumption that so offends Linington. I distrust animal campaigning that harnesses itself to irrelevant emotions: puritan distrust of luxury, hatred for archaic notions of class (in fox-hunting), the sentimental anthropomorphism of the campaign conducted in defence of baby seals.

Linington observed that fur coats are the "sartorial equivalent of a Rolls Royce"; but animal rights protesters don't demonstrate against Rolls Royces, which are crammed with leather stripped from defenceless animals. It seems that male conspicuous consumption isn't quite so offensive.

A revealing anthology could be compiled of male disgust towards female expressions of their own sexuality. When Shakespeare's characters go mad the subject is one of their principal preoccupations. Typically though, Shakespeare is also critically aware of that misogyny. As mad Lear says: "Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!/Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back,/Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind/For which thou whip'st her."

Despite changes of consciousness over centuries, our language and imagery preserves a store of misogynist abuse. I was reminded of this last Sunday while reading an article about Heseltine by Norman Macrae in the *Sunday Times*. Discussing Britain's entry into the EMS mechanism he observed that "this summer the strong D-mark is marrying the Ostmark, a loose 45-year-old lady cousin with syphilis."

This sentence would merit examination by students of the history of the English language. Why would the term "philanderer" not have done as well? It may be that middle-aged lechers are acceptable but since 45-year-old women are mainly past childbearing, then they are not supposed to enjoy sex any more (a loose 25-year-old lady cousin would be something quite different again).

Syphilis functions here not as the relatively common but easily treatable disease that it is nowadays, but as the older symbol of retribution against hedonistic sexuality, removed from procreation. As Richard Davenport-Hines's new book, *Sex, Death and Punishment*, shows, this symbolic function was so important that clerics used to argue that to cure the disease was to interfere with its God-created function of punishment. But even taking this into account, if Macrae can't write about the EMS without expressing apparent disgust with female sexuality, then it may be time to seek help.

You can generally tell male cyclists in the borough of Camden. We speak in slightly higher-pitched voices caused by repeated groin damage sustained while riding into potholes that make local roads look like the moon surface.

I knew, of course, that the council would never actually deal with the problem directly but I had not anticipated their ingenuity. While the potholes remain, local streets have been filled with humps designed to slow traffic down.

Not only has the council invented a road hazard for cyclists that nature had not yet thought up for itself. More important, in a profound sense it has solved the problem altogether. True, some roads are virtually impassable, but I'm sure that some canny surveyor has now calculated that if you even out the bumps and holes, then in a mystical sense the roads of Camden are, on average at least, now perfectly flat.

ROGER WODDIS

Half an eye

Nelson, silent on his column,
Gazed upon the scene below,
Sickened by the rival forces
Who were trading blow for blow.
Briton fighting fellow Briton
Filled him with a dark despair,
And the lions wept on seeing
Bloodshed in Trafalgar Square.

Burning, looting, shattered windows,
Acts beyond all human sense,
Joy of anarchists and vandals
Jerking off on violence,
Helpless hands held up in horror,
Purblind leaders asking "Why?"
What escapes their narrow vision
Nelson sees with half an eye.

Blame it on the opposition,
Muddy what is crystal-clear:
Any stick to beat a dog with,
Any chance to spread a smear.
Blame the marchers, blame the media,
Blame the weather, blame the blacks,
Blame whatever comes in handy,
Blame them all—but not the tax.

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Sticks and stones

Tony took part in Saturday's poll tax riot. He threw rocks at the police. Here he vividly explains why a carnival turned to carnage

The trouble began in Whitehall. We were wandering down the Embankment when we heard an enormous roar and saw between the MOD buildings sticks and bottles flying towards policemen who were trying to protect Maggie's huge new gates across Downing Street. This looked far more interesting than the backs of two police vans escorting us the long way round to Trafalgar Square, so we legged it through.

The police didn't know what they were doing. Their horses were galloping around and the foot police looked just as likely to get trampled as we were, we being my mum and her boyfriend, my girlfriend and me. Apparently the police didn't want people sitting in the road, but in retrospect I think they would have preferred that to the reaction caused by their insistence on dragging people away.

Then I saw what to me was a wonderful sight. Union jacks from in front of an MOD building were pulled down and set alight with Field Marshal Montgomery, an anti-poll tax sticker on his beret, looking on. He was part of the crowd (he even shared his plinth with us): part of a crowd that was jubilant at the sight of union jacks being burnt by Downing Street, not Tehran or Hong Kong. *"Stah-zee! Stah-zee! Stah-zee!"* people chanted at the police.

The trouble fizzled out, but the relaxed atmosphere of the march had gone. An easy-paced amble in the hot sun, listening to bands and wondering why no one had come up with a good song about the poll tax, had turned manic. A nervous excitement quickened everyone's stride. We arrived on the outer edge of Trafalgar Square to find more people than I'd ever seen together in my life, and I've seen Spurs lose to Liverpool at Wembley.

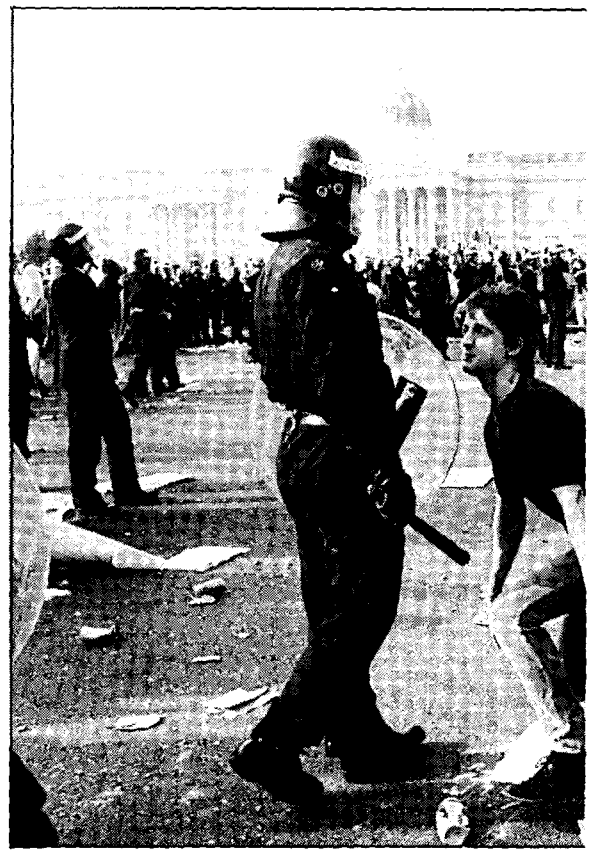
I wanted to go. I couldn't see the point of getting hot and bothered, out of earshot of speakers I didn't want to hear. The march was the important thing, and it was over. I was told that Tony Benn had been there earlier. If he was wearing a Labour sticker, then he was the only person who did. The people selling *Socialist Worker, Next Step, Mersey Militant, Dying Marxism*, were pissing off home.

The atmosphere in the square was almost carnival-like now, with samba bands and people in bright summer gear dancing. People on the scaffolding draped banners over the safety rails; there was a competition to see who could put their banner in the most dangerous place. One man was hanging from the scaffolding, 60 feet up. Everywhere you looked something was going on, it was an effortless show of power. *We owned Trafalgar Square.*

In the middle of the dense crowd there suddenly appeared a space. People on the edge didn't want to be there and were pushing to get bodies between them and whatever was happening. The police were charging up Whitehall. The force of panicking people running into the packed crowd set off fights with the police inside the square as they tried to hold their ground. My girlfriend and I ran to get a better look. What we saw was the normal "tit on the head" police surrounded and scared, running around looking for places to regroup or just hide, their eyes and mouths wide open. It just seemed amazing that this was a beautiful sunny day and Trafalgar Square was under siege.

We should have been dangling our feet in the fountains. Instead, we cheered every blood-spattered policeman being helped to safety by other policemen who didn't want to turn their backs on the crowd. Bigger, better missiles started to fly: not the flimsy beading from banners now, but stones and bottles. They greeted the arrival of the riot police who jogged up in formation, two abreast. They looked like an absurd cross between Sunday joggers and American footballers in romper suits, but you got the feeling that they were the big boys, not to be messed about with. The uniformed lot ran off and the riot police charged, opening up a space they couldn't possibly hold. Their line broke and they filled the vacuum themselves and were surrounded. They were pelted with sticks, bricks, anything, even paper cups.

Then more police came steaming into the



crowd to rescue them, or that's what we thought. They scattered us all over the place, but ran into a solid wall of people who couldn't or wouldn't move. I saw they were more scared than we were: they were not the cavalry, they were running away—pursued by a mob that became more and more audacious as they realised that the police didn't know what to do and couldn't do it even if they did. There was too much to take in: sounds of pitched battles all over the place, now a fire. We were crazed and excited, laughing and jumping up and down.

They'd contained us now—because we let them. The road was covered in missiles, crash barriers, odd training shoes, one a Nike Air

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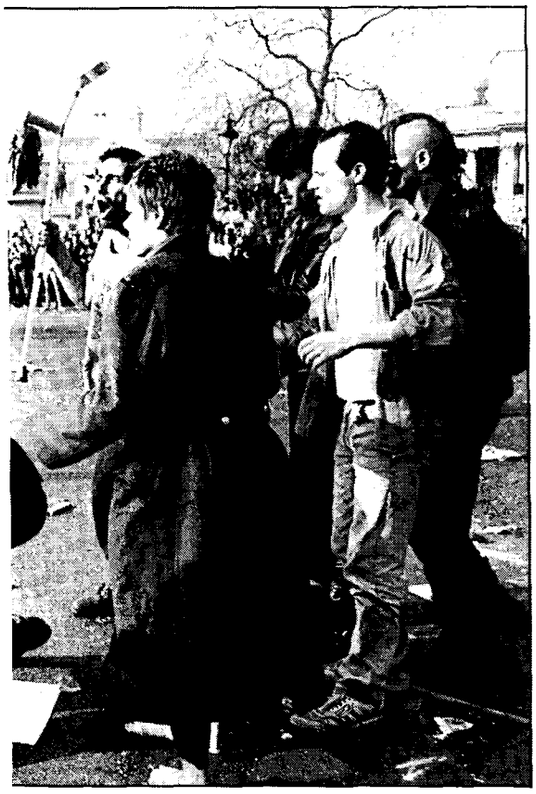
Trainer, and somewhere among the debris, my girlfriend's sunglasses. I looked around the people: most of them young, working class, studenty, most of them in jeans, T-shirts, trainers. There were as many women as men, as the original idea of the march was peaceful, and lots of couples were cuddling and kissing and laughing, "Look at what we've done!"

Some people were poorly dressed and looked worse fed than their mongrel dogs, some wore the fatigues and black leather that say "anarchist!" to the media. But the crowd, still thousands strong, was overwhelmingly a *normal-looking* bunch of people, and I only hope that they were marxists and anarchists, because if they were, then they've infiltrated every walk of life in Britain. Every home has got one.

The front line between the police and crowd was uneasily calm. They moved us back into the square. Word spread that South Africa House was on fire. I hadn't eaten since eight in the morning and, for the first time that day, I felt hungry. My girlfriend was making going home noises. So we made our way up to Charing Cross Road, past police guarding South Africa House. People were nose to nose with them,



spat at them, abused them. "You fuckin' moron," said one woman. "Why don't your lips move when you talk? Freud'd'ave something to say about that." "His lips move quicker'n his brain," said someone else. An injured mounted policeman was clinging to his horse's neck. "Shame the cunt ain't dead," people were saying. The police were losing their taste for it, they didn't even employ the stock snide asides they usually use as if they're part of the Hendon manual.

The police seemed to have madness in their method. If the crowd wanted to leave the square, they would try and stop them. If they wanted to get into the square, the police would try and stop them. People who had obviously never dared look straight into the eyes of a copper were now screaming abuse at them. Most people had never seen a police charge, but every charge worried them less. Instead of fleeing, people were side-stepping and running behind the police charges. There they could pick up handy-size missiles from the debris around the police's original position to chuck at them again when they charged back.

We moved up the road. The violence seemed to be following us around. Pedestrian isles were being torn up and really serious lumps of concrete being thrown at the romper-suited police. I found myself with a rock in my hand. The first I threw was aimed at a group of police. I watched it bounce off a shield. My second rock was more specifically aimed at their front line. Again, it was well deflected. I saw a rock strike a policeman's visor and he didn't even blink. The police were shielding themselves from the missiles raining down, but they were vulnerable to rocks aimed at their legs and midriffs.

The police were taking a battering. Every now and then a policeman would crumple to his knees and the crowd would roar. I couldn't believe what we were doing, windows were being smashed, police charges dodged, and all the time the police were yelling, "Get onto the pavement!". The bottle of some people was amazing. A man in jeans walked up to the police line, picked up a couple of rocks, stepped back and threw them at the knees of the policeman who seemed to be in charge. Another grabbed a broom and made a show of sweeping away the debris only feet from the police. Pairs of men would sprint up holding dustbins, hurl them and amble back to do it again. A woman stood ten feet away, pelting rocks and laughing. We were laughing too. I wasn't hungry any more. I didn't want this to stop.

The crowd was delirious, maniacal smiles all round. This was outside my experience, power surged through me. I was beyond any law the police could impose, they'd charge and I might run, but I would be back again. The crowd seemed to swell. It felt like a bloody revolution. But all the time, the traffic lights changed as usual: *red, amber, green.* People were queuing to buy kebabs at a shop and cokes and 99s from an ice-cream van. And a riot was going on. A dustbin bounced off Barclays Bank window. The huge window caved in and I jumped in and uprooted a rubber plant from a window display. I was surprised to find it was real, not plastic, it was my trophy and I waved it around.

People were dancing up and down. Then the police made their most violent charge yet. We dashed into a doorway. There must have been 20 of us crammed into that doorway and I cowered behind my plant as the police laid in with their batons. I was scared for the first time. They hardly looked at who they were beating. Then someone shouted, "There are children in here" and they stopped at once. I was surprised at their restraint. But perhaps they were aware, too, that their comrades had moved on.

It seemed a fairly discriminating riot at that time. Banks, fast-food places, amusement arcades, clubs, car showrooms were hit. Shops with people in them were left. A police car was hit by a tin of red paint. Then we became mixed up with tourists and Saturday evening revellers and opportunistic groups of young blacks, who had not been involved in the march, casually exploiting their good fortune. But we knew who was who, you only had to look at faces, the protestors had mad open eyes, speeding on adrenalin and success.

The march-cum-riot sprawled on through the West End. There were 4,000 of us, being followed by about 20 police. We let them do what they wanted, except arrest anyone. They grabbed a young woman and were quickly surrounded by people chanting, "Let her go", and they did. Their uniforms were dusty and ragged, they were defeated.

To dismiss this riot as politically inspired or organised, or as "criminal", misses the point by a mile. While it's seen as such, the police won't come to terms with the fact that they're distrusted and hated. It wasn't even about the poll tax; that was just the occasion for it. It was a young people's riot, a spontaneous outburst by people from all over the country, that's what made it so great. I did what I did because I could.

What happened was more the result of a lack

Photographs Paul Lowe/Network

of political leadership. People realised that they weren't on their own and discovered how fragmented, and angry, and disaffected they were. And these feelings manifested themselves in brute force. How can you expect direction and discipline from people who've never had a focal point to aim at? I fear that this was a one-off, as Labour condemned the protest as mindlessly as the Tories. We can't look to them for intelligent analysis or direction. We've gone back to our homes, knowing we've done a great thing but not knowing where to go next. ●

Tony is a normal-looking Londoner, aged 25, and a student. He doesn't belong to any political party.

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She's leaving home

When Sylvia Paskin left her home and children to lead an independent life she was treated as an outcast and monster. She remembers her experiences and what they reveal of the myths of mother love

Robin Harris

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"You should be cast to the outer regions of hell for what you have done" was what one acquaintance said when I left my husband, my son aged 11 and my daughter of six, to pursue an independent life.

This was just the most virulent of the comments I had to face; others have denounced me as callous, selfish and unnatural. Each time the spears are launched, and they still occasionally are, they bring home to me how much of a threat I am, how much of a taboo I have broken.

By the late seventies, I had a dream-house, designed by my architect husband, two happy, high-spirited children and all the trappings of an affluent and undemanding lifestyle. To all but the most perceptive eye, I had it all—but in the middle of all this, I was experiencing a growing and frightening sense of personal emptiness. Like other women, I had internalised all the available notions of what it is to be a "good wife" and a "perfect mother". Yet the domestic, private world I lived in made me feel powerless and invisible. True I taught part-time, English as a foreign language, but this was very far from what I believed myself capable of achieving.

My husband was a paternalistic, powerful man, far more capable than me in a worldly sense. When we first married 17 years before, I admit I revelled in my lack of personality and the protection he afforded me. But I was beginning to grow up and much of my dissatisfaction was echoed by the women's movement which made me question, still more, the point of the roles I played.

I was dissuaded from looking for full-time work by my husband, and since I had very little self-confidence, I allowed myself to be persuaded that my first duty was to my home and children. For a while longer, I remained a Ming vase—passive, precious, fragile but also isolated and immured.

Then, I suddenly decided to lose weight. If I could control nothing else I could control my body, I told myself. I lost a great deal of weight very quickly, and there followed a period of enormous personal elation. In a renegade frame of mind, and with no other means of self-expression at my disposal, I embarked on a series of bizarre affairs in my effort to escape the family. The last of these affairs was very destructive. My mental state was unstable—the slimming drugs I had taken were amphetamines and, quite suddenly, I plummeted from euphoria to total despair. I became catatonically depressed.

I could not speak and I could not move. I crawled around the house on my hands and knees. My husband gave me every kind of support but he was helpless in the face of this devastating condition. I sought help in therapy but it was useless. I needed a quicker cure than their long-term ministrations might bring. Nor did the lavish doses of psychotropic drugs like Largactil, offered by one eminent psychiatrist, help either—they dulled me into insensibility. Even in that state I realised that no one recognised my condition as a valid response to an intolerable situation. They all wanted to thrust me back into the family, to return me to "normal".

I am still not sure how, but I slowly recovered. I clawed my way up the steep sides of a black well, into which I hope never to return. As I got better, I knew that to survive I had to leave, to re-constitute myself in another place and alone. At home I was asked to give so much—to be everything to the children and nothing to myself. I wanted to be a mother on my own terms—and wanted things motherhood couldn't give me. The children cancelled the possibility that I might be something to and for myself. I knew if I stayed, nothing would change and I would die—I would be killed with kindness.

And what of my children? There is a photo of them, taken just before I left; for me it marks an empty and desolate moment. They are standing in the garden, laughing; and I can't help feeling that their laughter since that time has always been tinged by sadness and loss. But I could not have looked after them—they had a loving father who offered them stability and security, emotionally and materially. They had their home and school and friends—all the continuity they needed and I was so detached at that point, so empty of all feeling with simply the will to re-create myself. At that time, I did not want them with me.

So in 1982, I left. Walking from the bedroom carrying a small suitcase to the front door was the longest journey I shall ever make. My husband thought that given the requisite time and space, I would return, whole again; but like many other people, I knew when I closed the door of my home, I would never go back. I would not allow myself.

When I first left I stayed with my mother. She was generous but very frightened for me, and she thought what I had done was horrendous. Then I found my own flat and lived in considerable penury compared to what I had known. Many friends turned away, shocked and threatened by my action. Some husbands considered me subversive, a Pied Piper who might turn up one day on their doorstep, trill enticingly and seduce their wives away.

One close woman friend, particularly harsh with me at the time, has recently done what I did and left her children. It's possible, I now think, that those initial cruel reactions from women were their way of denying they were capable of the same thing.

I, however, had problems beyond those imposed upon me by my friends. I had to find the energy to put myself back together again—to create a life that was mine and to become someone I could be proud of. I enrolled as a full-time MA student at London University and got a further degree in Media Studies and became a freelance media writer, editor and researcher. I co-founded a radical poetry group, organised three major poetry festivals and co-edited two anthologies.

I have kept on good terms with my husband though we got divorced. We kept matters amicable between us so that the children would suffer as little as possible from my departure. I saw the children whenever I wanted but I was a "Sunday mother" with all the problems usually experienced by men, except that no one invited the children and myself to join them for Sunday lunch. Maybe that was for the best—at least the children didn't have to share me with others. Nevertheless, seeing them under those conditions was sometimes bleak and often fraught—another Chinese meal, another mu-

Extracts from letters from women who left their children

"I do not regret what I did for my children love and trust me. I have a happy marriage and happy children. They are just in two different places..."

"I sometimes have to leave the supermarket if I see young children the same age mine were when I left, shopping with their mother—I just turn and run, weeping..."

"I remember well having to explain that I was not an unnatural mother and meeting with incomprehension even within my chosen profession of social work..."

"It's possible to come to terms with anything in life but not when a child's involved, the pain just goes on and on like a bereavement..."

"I was not being selfish. My children have always been the most important beings in my life, their welfare was uppermost in my mind at the time of my decision. There was so much stacked against my keeping them—bad health, no home, no income and the local council was entirely unhelpful . . ."

Extracts from letters from children left by their mothers

"It was only when I realised how much my mother had gone through in her decision to leave us, I went to live with her. It was as though I wanted to relieve my guilt for I forgave her a long time ago for leaving me and now I love her more than ever..."

"Even now, three years later, we all still feel the pain of those traumatic five years... The good thing is I get on better with my mother than I ever did before, we can talk sensibly and honestly about almost anything and our relationship has developed into a caring and loving one. I don't think if I had stayed with Mum these last few years we could have had this relationship. I didn't understand enough about what was going on..."

"Once the shock had sunk in, I felt very sad and a deep loss. I don't blame myself or my mother. I just miss her but in this loss I think I have found something deeper, a new understanding and a deeper relationship with my mother. I can talk to her totally openly as a friend and this fact I cherish..."

"I'm glad she has her own life and I get on with her so well. I wish I could say the same for me and my father but that's life. We have come to terms with things and, on the outside, I certainly have despite the hurt inside. That goes on..."

"I have paused to think what made my mother leave and now that I am older, it seems easier to understand. All is now forgiven, after all I came pretty close to doing the same thing myself . . ."

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seum, the zoo again.

And there has been grief and pain and anger. However much I have tried to explain my reasons for leaving—and they make sense to me—the children have not been able to come to terms with my leaving. If I say I love and have always loved them—they wonder, how I could leave them. In the early days when I went to see them, they were all grieving for something—which was me—but I could not give myself back.

In the years I have been away, I have often felt very isolated and realised how little the matter of women leaving their children has been discussed, let alone accepted. In 1988 I published a detailed account of my experience to see what the response would be. I was deluged with letters from women in a similar position as well as from children whose mothers had left.

The women's letters reflected many of my own feelings—sadness, a sense of bereavement, anger at the double standard, low self-esteem and outrage at people's prejudice and the stigma attached to being a woman apart from your children.

More than one letter read "I stopped telling people that I had children that did not actually live with me because the reaction I got was a bad one." The high level of self-justification in the letters encouraged me to want to write about this decision which is so harshly judged and condemned. The women all loved and missed their children and, although not with them full-time, were concerned and still felt themselves to be mothers though not in the accepted sense.

These letters and my own situation made me see that there is a dangerous social myth abroad that leads people to believe in an innate maternal instinct, and any woman who strays from the total fulfillment of this destiny is considered aberrant—women who wish to remain child-free, who have their children adopted, who have abortions or act as surrogates or suffer from post-natal depression as well as the women who live apart from their children. Why should the love of a mother not be akin to other forms of human love—fragile, imperfect and uncertain—it too can change.

Now that I am stronger and can look after myself, I love my children differently from when they were young—it is a richer love and I think they understand that. My son is away in the Far East, prior to going to university. A letter arrived last week and among the ecstatic desciptions of the Thai islands, he wrote, "I lost a lot when you and Dad divorced. A part of my soul has had to re-build itself and this has not been an easy journey—one that you yourself have travelled but simply by another route... you are my mother. I realised it is not simply for this I love you—it is for the love I receive from you and not your role in my life".

We are all faced with choices—I made one not usually considered open to women, but eight years on and holding this letter in my hand, the conscious intelligence of my son's remarks give me heart. I think I made the right decision: my ex-husband, my children and myself have survived, and while I acknowledge that my leaving has hurt them in many ways, I believe that if I had stayed, a worse and more damaging scenario might well have ensued. ●

Eastern promise

The revolutions of eastern Europe challenge the west to live up to democracy. Anthony Barnett takes issue with Timothy Garton Ash

It is important not to be naive. The world is still full of brutality and oppression. Its power structures feed the rich and destroy the planet. The simplicities of manichean class politics may be behind us, but the jealous priority of existing privilege retains its grip. It would rather destroy where it still can, than allow us emancipation from its past.

Nonetheless, something profoundly important has changed. After 4 June came 9 November. Tienanmen presumed the continuation of the cold war. Instead, the cold war is over. Even the liberation of Tibet is now conceivable. Alongside the determination to survive, there are at last grounds for hope.

Political power is changing. For the first time, it seems to me, it is possible to be political and honest. That is, to be practical—to have a real rather than symbolic effect—without "selling-out".

Today, power can be truthful and truth can be powerful. This is what has changed. Can be, not is. Obviously, I do not include the American Presidency, while the Soviet Presidency has existed for less than a month. But the impact of the green movement, once scorned for its naive, apolitical approach (and in a much smaller way that of Charter 88); and above all the success of Lech Walesa and Vaclav Havel in eastern Europe, suggest a new possibility: the realisation of democracy in ways that are more than the manipulations of public opinion through plebiscatory, opinion-poll elections.

Havel, as a spokesperson for Charter 77, was one of a group who wrote in support of Charter 88 when it was first published (*NSS* 8 December 1988). When he was here several of us went to the Czechoslovak embassy to present Charter 88 to him. The last time I had been there was in 1968 to shout my protest, outside in the road. Now, it was still a protest but one registered from inside. For me, this means that the successes of the east show that something has also changed here in the west.

But according to Tim Garton Ash, it has not. Garton Ash has taken on a near official status as the Anglo-American interpreter of eastern and central Europe. He has just published a brilliant reportage on the revolutions of eastern Europe (*We the People*, Granta/Penguin, £4.99) and at the end he asks, what can the east European "enthusiasts bring to the new Europe?". His answer: "If I am right in my basic analysis, they can offer no fundamentally new ideas on the big questions of politics, economics, law or international relations. The ideas whose time has come are old, familiar, *well-tested* ones."

I have italicised the staggering complacency of Garton Ash's presumptions about the west. Perhaps it is related to the steady quality of his observations on the east. Beautifully recorded, across the sweep of changes in very different countries, *We the People* is an outstanding act of political witness.

It is also thoughtful. He sees how the one-party regimes of the Warsaw Pact were, for all their declared "internationalism", founded upon a bovine nationalism rather than a developed cooperation. This allows Garton Ash to defend the new regimes of eastern Europe from the complacent charges so rapidly levelled against them in our media. The new governments in Prague, Warsaw, and Bucharest are far more internationalist than their predecessors, even if the nationalism they do express is more open.

1989 may have been the Springtime of Nations, Garton Ash observes, but it was the springtime "above all, of citizens". In this way, he offers us the best characterisation of the transformation he has observed so well. But what does it mean in his view? It means that the peoples of eastern Europe, "have offered us, with a clarity and firmness born of bitter experience, a re-statement of the value *of what we already have*, of old truths and *tested models*, of the three essentials of liberal democracy and the European Community as the one and only, real existing common European home".

This is dangerous stuff. We are far from one real Europe. The EC itself is hideously undemocratic. Nato is a superpower construction that, thanks to Washington, will not commit itself to no first use of nuclear bombs. The rise in fundamentalism is in part a response to the violent exercise of western supremacy in the third world. In these circumstances, the way Garton Ash refers to, but fails to write down, the "three essentials" is revealing. For if by this

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Richard Oliver/Select

President Vaclav Havel, flanked by Anthony Barnett and Beverly Anderson, chair of Charter 88, is presented with Charter 88 at the Czech Embassy last month.

he means Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, who could write that we already have them? They may be old truths, but they are hardly existing, let alone *tested*, ones.

It is important to insist that the west's notion of "normality" triumphed over the east. The separation of word and fact was absolute in the east. The revolutions there, from above in Russia and from below in the countries once subservient to Moscow, have been, as Garton Ash says, revolutions of the truth. This is not simply a matter of people being able at last to say what they think, or express their religious beliefs without fear, or even of their dropping the pretence of official lies. This is far too intellectual a view of truth.

Truth is also material. It is about being paid properly, shops with food in them: this also is a form of truth. Travel is another. What kind of self-development is possible if this is forbidden. Yet this is what happened to young people in eastern Europe. Their countries were a prison. Both commodity and liberty, freedom to travel is a right to see for oneself; without which there cannot be truth. That is one reason why the destruction of the Wall was such a joy.

It does not follow, however, that we in the west live in the best of all possible worlds: the appalling conclusion of Tim Garton Ash's valedictory column as foreign editor of the *Spectator*. Ironically, such an attitude preserves the example of eastern Europe. To conclude, as Garton Ash does, that "the combination of strong government with real democracy which is our system—with all its faults" is the best there can be, because the others that have been tried are worse, vindicates the west by contrast with the east. It therefore takes *that* unspeakable system as the base measure of our possible future. It builds Brezhnevism into our politics, not only to justify the denial of further improvements, but also to defend existing privileges.

Sign Charter 88, Timothy Garton Ash: don't be a subject, be a citizen!

Under capitalism, and the political systems we have inherited, there remains a grave separation between truth and proclamation, between the announcement of our freedom and its reality.

In London, Havel repeated the theme of his major presidential addresses. We have *all* been compromised by the past, we have all internalised silences and dishonesties. Freedom is for others as well as ourselves, but is hard to tolerate and difficult to carry out. Especially in power. And the moment he feels that he must sacrifice his views for office, he will resign.

Here is an alternative "conviction politics". The first contrast is in the eyes. Thatcher's pulsate with will, refuse irony, vaporise dissent. Havel's swing away at the end of his sentences. He leaves those whom he addresses to make up their minds for themselves. In a famous aside, Thatcher admitted she was in favour of consensus, provided people agreed with her. Havel believes in people's right to diversity.

Garton Ash says that he senses in his frequent trips across the continent that the real divide is between those in the east who "believe in Europe" and those in the west "who have Europe". We do not "have Europe", Timothy. Together, east and west, we might. The basis for this achievement will be the classic traditions (including socialism) that have remained alive here in the west, but which are now being spelled out with new clarity in the east. But the diversity, democracy, citizenship which this demands, is far from achieved. The revolutions in the east challenge us to make good the promise of the liberty we have preserved. It will be hard to bring the "old ideas" to life: for women as well as men, for the minorities without whom the economic machine of the EC would halt, and even for the nationalities from Catalonia to Scotland who are as yet unrepresented at Strasbourg or Brussels.

The "springtime of citizenship" does not present us with an alternative model, a new utopia, or an opposition to western power. That is true. They propose something more subversive. That the west should realise the values it proclaims. Charter 88 has begun to spell this out: a democratic second chamber, a constitution that safeguards and protects minorities, a Bill of Rights even. Sign it, Timothy Garton Ash: don't be a subject, be a citizen!●

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Educating Labour

When it's too late, Labour enters the great school history debate. Raphael Samuel laments the party's indifference to education and history

Even before the publication of the History working party's final report, the Prime Minister was being accused of wanting to write her own version of Britain's past into the new curriculum. "Mrs Thatcher has Her Way over Schools History" ran a report in the *Independent on Sunday*. Even the normally imperturbable Martin Jacques added to the chorus of alarm. "Politicians are trying to interfere in an area of education they should leave well alone," he argued in his column in the *Sunday Times*.

Labour, scenting a party political advantage, has finally broken its silence on the subject. Jack Straw, the front bench spokesman on Education, has written to every History professor in the country to warn them "about attempts ... being made by the Prime Minister to subvert the national curriculum on history, to make it much more a vehicle for indoctrination than for education." The members of the History working party were, according to Straw, handpicked by the Minister of Education to do a hatchet job. The proposal to raise from 40 per cent to 50 per cent the amount of time devoted to British history "is a matter of serious concern, since a jingoistic approach to the teaching of history will do very little to foster an understanding of Britain in the world".

As a socialist, I should like to join in the hue-and-cry but I find it difficult to do so. From the standpoint of one who cares about the teaching and writing of history, I have to admit that the subject has had a better deal from the present Conservative administration than any conceivable Labour one. The restoration of History to the school syllabus owes a good deal to the enthusiasm of two successive Conservative Ministers of Education, Sir Keith Joseph and Kenneth Baker; while the return to subject based teaching, of which history is now the beneficiary, was a cause taken up by traditionalists when the progressives were pinning their hopes on the frontierless "integrated studies". Likewise in the debate on method and content, Conservatives *enragés* have shown an intensity of engagement which supporters of Labour might well envy.

In contrast to this Tory activity, there has been nothing from Walworth Road and precious little sign on the Labour benches at Westminster of anyone being agitated about the current controversy. When the working party's interim report came before the Commons, Labour contributions—pushing at a very open door—seemed to be confined to demanding more space for Tolpuddle Martyrs and Peterloo.

Mr Straw's well-publicised initiative so far from making up for this indifference seems rather to compound it. He makes the good point that there is no single group of "true" facts, but otherwise he does not seem to have done his homework. There is to begin with the oddity of the addressees. Since the matter at issue is the teaching of *school* history, it is strange that the missive should be addressed to *university* professors. Then there is the discourtesy towards the working party, who have earned golden opinions for their openness to all sides in the present controversy, and who actually resisted Mr Baker's mildly whiggish prescriptions.

If, as Mr Straw now claims, he has "a passionate and lifelong interest in history", why he has never troubled to write a word on the subject, and why he has failed to intervene before in a public debate which has been raging, off and on, ever since Sir Keith Joseph launched his curriculum initiative in 1984.

The "six most important facts in the nineteenth century" which, in the *Independent on Sunday*, Mr Straw proposes for the new syllabus are revealing: "The Six Acts, The Tolpuddle Martyrs, the Reform Act of 1832, the Secret Ballot Act, the Match Girls Strike and the foundation of the Labour Party". Though interesting for their resolute Little Englandism, and their preoccupation with the vote, they suggest that Mr Straw does not actually read much history. He seems not to have read Asa Briggs, whose *Victorian People* might have reminded him of the Great Exhibition of 1851; nor even the Hammonds' *Village Labourer*, whose moving account of "the last labourers rising of 1830" might have made him pause before singling out the Match Girls strike, a Fleet Street sensation of its time, rather than a historical turning point.

The idea of a Tory take-over of history seems to me absurd. The number of Tory historians in this country, though it includes some distinguished names, could be counted on the fingers of two hands. Radicals, socialists and feminists are legion, not to speak of the broad mass of those who might loosely be described as liberal humanitarians. The profession in the past 30 years has been quietly but seriously radicalised, and there are some half a dozen learned journals which are in some sort committed to "history from below". Outside the academy a vast amount of "do-it-yourself" history (such as the family history societies) shares that conviction. Among school-teachers a kind of common sense radicalism seems, if anything, even more widely diffused.

Fears of an impending revolution (or counter-revolution) in history seem, then, wide of the mark. The future of history, as a teaching subject, will not be settled by ministerial memo,

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or for that matter by the working party report. It will be decided, in the last analysis, by what happens in the class-room, and by all those invisible influences which change perceptions of the past and the understanding of "tradition".

The classroom teacher, the examination boards, and the National Curriuclum Council will all have a say in this. So too, if as a subliminal force, will the children. The recent formation of a Primary Schools History Association suggests that pressure from below will count for quite as much as DES policy. In any event, the impetus for a new history comes from Britain's dramatically changed position in the world (which makes any Anglocentric view of the national past untenable); and from the results of some two generations of historical scholarship. It will not go away.

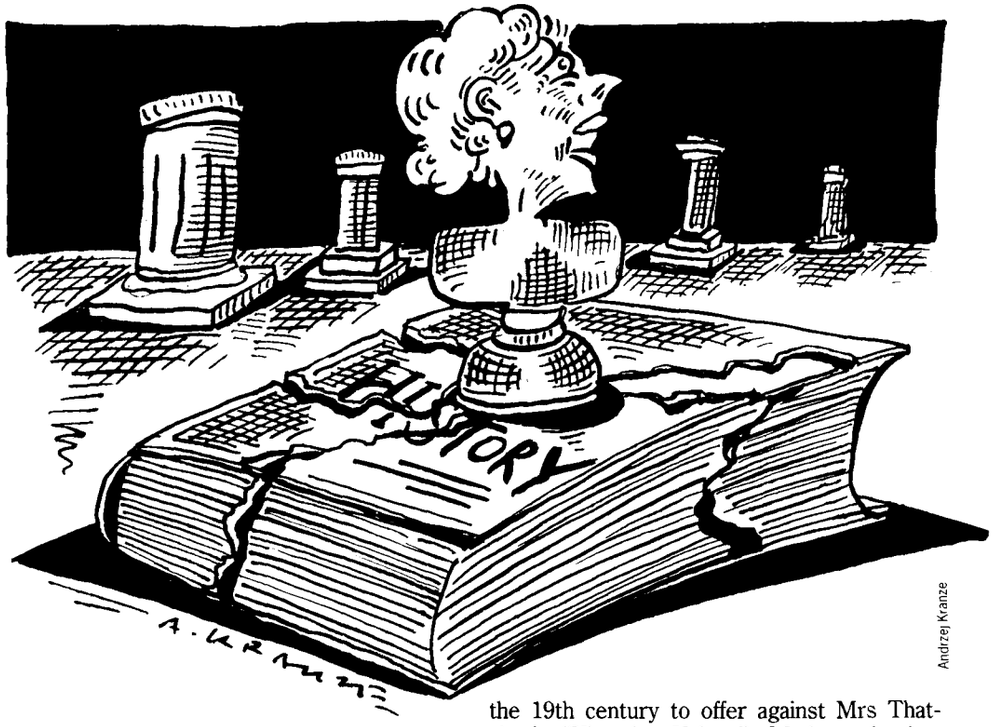
If one were concerned, like Mr Straw, with the dangers of "indoctrination" in history, it is not perhaps "jingoism" one should look, to but—for anyone who is a socialist—to matters closer to home. It is not Tories who have been trying to instrumentalise the teaching of history. It is rather those left-wing eductional authorities, and their burgeoning teams of "advisers", who, doing the wrong thing for the right reasons, have adopted "anti-racism" and to a lesser extent "anti-sexism" as causes.

Turning history into a front-line subject, and defining children as the bearers of "prejudice" locks teachers and taught in an antagonistic relationship. To challenge the biases, and, worse, the silences of the written record, to broaden the subject matter of study and excavate matters which have been "hidden from history" in the past, ought to sharpen the critical intelligence. But the inculcation of "correct" attitudes is usually self-defeating, and if it surrounds a subject with guilt and fear it can hardly be said to encourage children to think for themselves.

Labour's indifference to History, as a teaching subject in the schools, is arguably part and parcel of a more general discomfort and uncertainty in relation to the past, both its own and that of Britain. It is no longer possible to enrol British history under Labour's banner, as it was in the days when the "Long March of Everyman" seemed to be carrying all before it, and when the age-old struggle of the "common people" seemed to point in one direction only.

The events of the past 25 years have put a full stop to ideas of the inevitability of gradualism, the "historic" basis of British socialism as it appeared in the *Fabian Essays* of 1888. The fragmenting of "the Establishment", and the civil war in Toryism has also made notions of an *ancien régime* in Britain (the "class enemy") increasingly difficult to sustain. Labour's own history can no longer be pictured, as it could in the days of the Attlee Labour government, as a *magnificent journey*. The party is neither radical enough to define itself by opposition to the past, nor conservative enough to want to preserve it. It shuffles uneasily between these poles.

Yet history is quite crucial to any understanding of what Britain is, what it was and what it might be. No party which has any pretensions to leadership of or representation can wash its hands of it. A Labour historical view would need to be constructed with different signposts from



Andrzej Krauze

State education threatens to become as great a disaster for Labour as housing was in the 1970s

those which guided Labour politicians in the 1940s.

It might make more of Labour as a party of the regions, and of British history as the record of four nations rather than one. As the electoral representative of new Commonwealth minorities, it might be expected to treat the history of Empire as integral to the island story—in our own day no less than when Scottish settlers were planted in Ulster. And it might —taking a cue from the grass-roots historical enthusiasms of our time—give as much space to the history of hearth and home as to that of politics. But Labour will hardly be able to do this if, in deference to "anti-racist" and "multi-cultural" pieties which it only half believes in, it treats any engagment with the British national past as tantamount to an exercise in "jingoism".

Britain has a rich historical culture and it is one to which ever since Thorold Rogers and J R Green in the 1870s, scholar-radicals have made a conspicuous contribution. It passes belief that Labour should be so unaware of their work that, in a debate on the place of history in the national culture, and in the curriculum, the party's official spokesmen have nothing of interest to say.

If Mr Straw, in the coming three months, were to attend some of the conferences being organised up and down the country by the Historical Association; if he were to visit some open air museums or sample some local history publications, he might have more authority to enter the debate. And if he were to turn to the work of some of his party's own supporters —David Edgar's version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, say, he would have a less impoverished view of the 19th century to offer against Mrs Thatcher's "Victorian Values". Modern classics, such as Keith Thomas's *Man and the Natural World 1500-1800*, or older ones such as Owst's *Preaching and Pulpit in Medieval England* might also suggest that a Labour view of British history does not need to either begin or end with the invention of working-class England.

History is not something which can be played as a political card, and the issues raised in the present debate are complex. They concern such matters as the conditions of knowledge, the status of the teacher, the limits and the possibilities of child-centred education, and the relationship of British history to transnational phenomena. They cannot be encapsulated or resolved by crude oppositions between, on the one hand, the Toldpuddle martyrs, and on the other, the history of Kings and Queens.

Education was originally one of Labour's great causes, and one to which generations of socialists gave their lives. Today, it is one of Labour's Cinderellas and it is a disturbing thought that the erstwhile college lecturers —or student union officials—who now fill the Labour benches at Westminster seem far less memorable and impassioned than their schoolteacher predecessors of the 1940s and 1950s.

The Tories now make all the running, so far as educational reform is concerned, and private schooling appears increasingly not only as a bastion of privilege, but also as a repository of old-fashioned educational values. In these circumstances, state education is threatening to become as great a disaster area for Labour as public housing was in the 1970s. Successive Labour front-bench spokesmen seem far less able than their Conservative counterparts to say what they believe education should offer and demand—there is nothing sinister about wanting children to learn more.

There must be thousands of Labour supporters in the country, like the present writer, who have not the faintest idea what Labour stands for in education, beyond a blanket and rather complacent defence of the comprehensive schools. History, and the present debate on its place in the "core" curriculum, is as good a place as any for the party to begin to find out. ●

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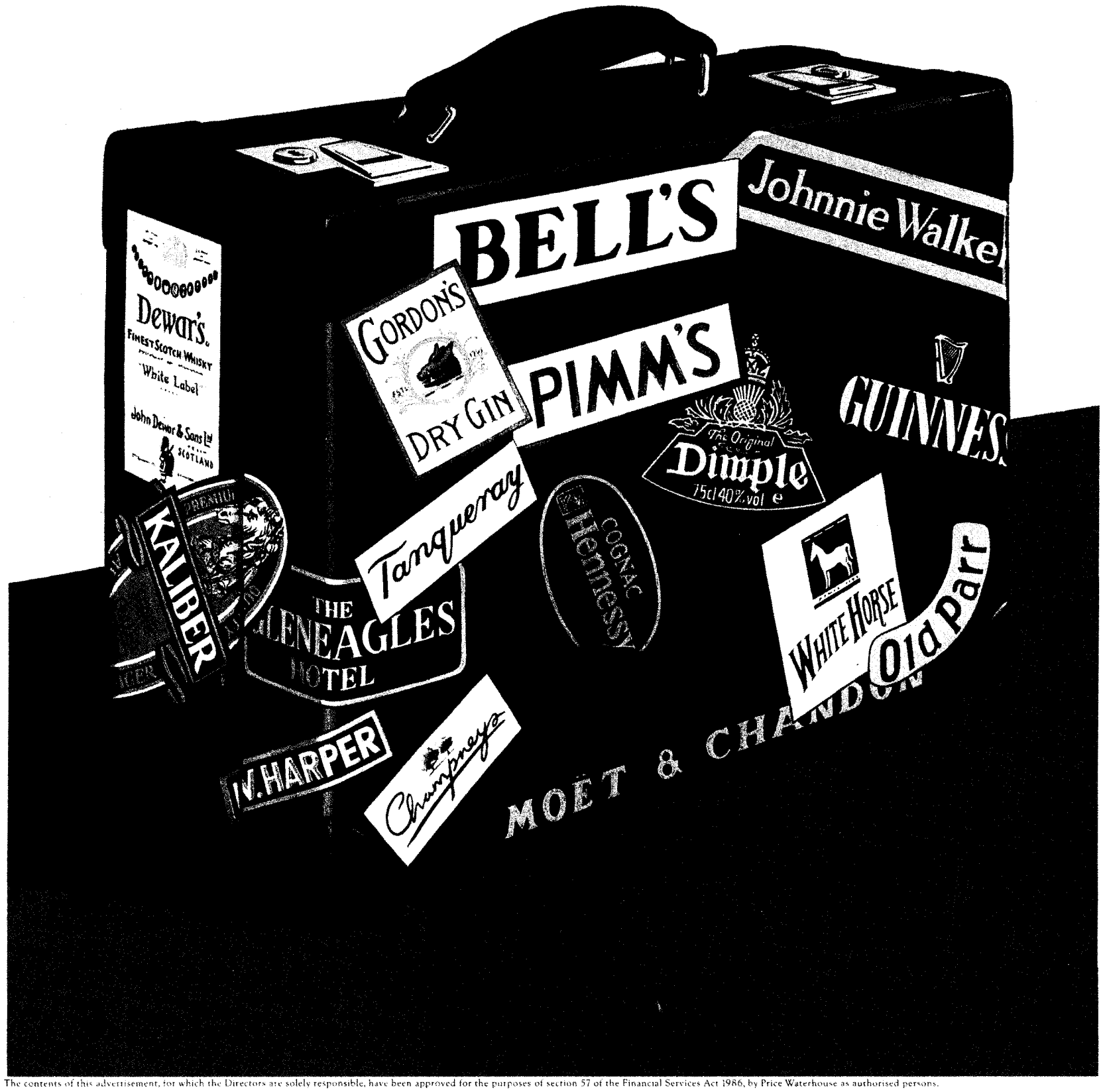

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Green and poisoned land?

Eugene Smith/Magnum Photos

Michael Burke and James Cutler, who exposed Sellafield on television six years ago, revisit Cumbria and find that radiation is spreading

British Nuclear Fuels at Sellafield (formerly Windscale) are rattled. Just as phase two of their £20 million publicity drive was about to come on stream, the Gardner report comes along and wrecks their campaign to "regain public confidence in Sellafield". With every headline and leading article, "public confidence" crumbled.

Yet only weeks before, their image had been burnished as never before. Phase one of their aggressive and confident publicity campaign—promoting their £5 million visitors' centre as a leading tourist attraction and extolling the virtues of nuclear power—was so successful that they won the Institute of Public Relations top award last year. Oil companies, the NHS and the police joined the tourist beat, to ask them how they did it.

But even as they were advertising on television, lobbying MPs and the media and showing the tourists around, Professor Martin Gardner of the Medical Research Council was painstakingly conducting the most thorough study yet into childhood leukaemia in Cumbria. His finding of an association between fathers working with radiation at Sellafield and their children developing leukaemia was, he says, "one of the strongest statistical results I have ever come across". In fact, it was so clear that his first thought as the results came through was that he would be accused of cooking the books. So he checked and re-checked every step of the study for months.

The Gardner report arose out of our original Yorkshire Television programme, *Windscale: The Nuclear Laundry*. We found a tenfold excess of childhood leukaemia in Seascale, 1½ miles from Sellafield. Despite British Nuclear Fuel's original desperate protestations that leukaemia rates in Seascale were normal, that excess was validated many times. As well as the government's own Black report and Gardner's earlier study, a lesser known report by researchers from Newcastle University found the excess at Seascale to be the only truly statistically significant excess of childhood leukaemia in the whole of the Northern Region.

Gardner carried out a case control study. He took all 97 cases of leukaemia and lymphatic cancer in under-25s in West Cumbria between 1950 and 1985 and matched them up with over a thousand "controls", also from West Cumbria, who were as close as possible in age to the cancer cases but who did not themselves develop the disease. The scale of this research was phenomenal. All the families were sent a questionnaire through their GP, asking how near to Sellafield they had lived, how often the child played on the beach, what the child ate, had the mother had X-rays during pregnancy and, as it turned out, most crucial of all, where the parents had worked in the years before their child was born.

It is worth describing the thoroughness of the study in detail because, predictably, it is coming under attack from BNFL and the pro-nuclear lobby. Yet for Martin Gardner, having double and treble checked his results, the finding is clear-cut:

> Really it's so clear because each of the case fathers had higher radiation exposure at the plant than all of the fathers we were using to compare them with. And for it to be true for all the comparison

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fathers is actually a very remarkable result.

British Nuclear Fuels have talked about doing a similar study to validate the result but as statistician John Urquart says, "What are they going to check? They've got the results. It's a bit like saying you want a replay of a football match when you know the result is going to be the same... it's a way of delaying things for another five or six years. But the report's statistical evidence is so strong that we must not prevaricate now with further research. We must get on with the problem of cutting the sources of radiation and also of counselling those who may be affected."

The actual mechanism that Gardner suggests is a genetic one. Radiation exposure of the fathers at Sellafield somehow damages the sperm cells before conception, making the unborn child predisposed to develop leukaemia. It was made known in 1982 that male mice, if irradiated, will go on to produce offspring that develop leukaemia, other cancers and all types of malformation, such as hare-lip and cleft-palate. More alarming still, the next generation, the grandchildren of the irradiated mice, also developed cancers and malformations. But actually this was not the first finding of this sort. In the 1950s an American scientist, William Russell, exposed cages of male mice and rats to radiation at the Nevada atom bomb tests. He found that their offspring had much shorter lifespans than normal, usually a result of malignant disease. This finding was conveniently forgotten, along with anything else that might embarrass the military.

Geneticists who have studied Gardner's work say that his genetic damage theory is entirely plausible. However, they point to a more complex mechanism. Professor Martin Bobrow, Prince Philip Professor of Paediatrics at Guy's Hospital and also a geneticist, believes cancers develop through a:

> Multi-step process whereby a series of changes occur in the nucleus of the cell rendering it less and less under the control of its normal growth mechanism so that it gradually loses control and becomes a cancer cell. The way in which you would think about this is that the radiation in the sperm cell would cause the first of those changes, the first step in the process, and that leaves one fewer step to happen after the child has been conceived.

Barry Lambert, a radiation biologist, believes that another step in the process could well be radiation in the environment: "It may be a two-stage effect, that in fact the child is predisposed because of the radiation it receives or that the father has received, to some sort of leukaemia effect from the environment itself." In effect the child is in double jeopardy. In the words of scientist John Urquart, "If you have a greater chance of having a child with leukaemia as a worker, then the last place that the child should be brought up is in the radioactive area of West Cumbria."

British Nuclear Fuels deny any danger from radiation in the environment and they have spent millions of pounds cutting the discharges from their peak levels. But the years of pollution, particularly from the notorious pipeline, have left a nasty legacy. The pipeline, stretching two miles into the Irish Sea, once routinely spewed out by far the largest amount of nuclear waste in the world. In fact, Sellafield has been so far ahead in the international league table of nuclear polluters that its discharges have often been greater than those from the rest of the world's nuclear plants put together.

By its own admission Sellafield's main purpose is to make money. It is the world's nuclear dustbin... the long-term hazards are incalculable

The result is that the Irish Sea and Cumbrian coastline now constitute one of the most radioactively polluted environments in the world. All forms of marine life in the area, especially molluscs, shellfish and crustaceans contain plutonium and other radioactive elements. Caesium 137 can be measured in every kind of fish caught locally. The mud is so contaminated in places—such as the Ravenglass estuary—that it would be forbidden on a Sellafield workbench. After the 1983 incident, when highly radioactive waste was wrongly discharged down the pipeline, local beaches were scattered with a tarry debris which could have caused radiation burns if it had stuck to a child's skin.

Plutonium from Sellafield can easily be measured in sea spray, in the air and in house dust. It has been detected in vegetables and grass. In 1986, government research confirmed that plutonium was building up in the livers and kidneys of sheep and cows from Ravenglass: in some cases, it was near the maximum safe limit for human consumption. The pollution can be identified all the way round the coast of Scotland to the Firth of Forth on the east, and has even affected Sweden, Iceland and Greenland. Sellafield is guilty of a dreadful environmental crime. The question is, how on earth did they get away with it?

One answer is the toothlessness of the regulatory bodies such as the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (MAFF) with its dubious claim to be independent of the nuclear industry. Indeed, when MAFF published its first report on radiation monitoring in 1967, its underlying support for the nuclear industry was undisguised: "It is our policy to publish the results of our surveys so as to assist in creating an informed climate of public opinion in which the peaceful uses of nuclear energy may be fully exploited."

Scientists from MAFF were meant to be responsible for monitoring and controlling Sellafield's waste. They failed dismally, on three counts. First, in 1970, they allowed BNF to increase its plutonium discharges more than threefold, despite a previous promise from the company to cut emissions by a quarter. Second, they initially failed to realise that plutonium would not be trapped in the sediments of the sea bed but would escape to the environment (the ministry announced that "plutonium is not a particularly important type of radioactivity in a marine context"). Finally, they failed to provide a true picture of its widespread distribution. Much of their knowledge has been gained by subjecting the people of Cumbria to a persistent diet of nuclear waste. Sellafield's poison can now be measured in the final link in the food chain—human beings themselves.

Since 1983, the authorities and BNFL have tightened regulations and controls and has drastically cut discharges, including plutonium.

So what do we find in the environment today? Last year, Yorkshire Television returned to Sellafield with a Friends of the Earth monitoring unit. We looked again at the Ravenglass estuary which we had monitored six years before. The cuts in the discharges had made no difference: the levels were still the same, around ten times background, or "ordinary", radiation levels. Four miles up the River Esk, which runs into the estuary, we were shocked to find that the levels were actually higher than at Ravenglass —up to 40 times background. The tides are carrying the contaminated silt upstream and spreading it on land via flooding. Sheep and cattle are grazing in fields which are, in the words of Patrick Green of FoE, "equivalent to a low level waste dump".

We didn't detect radioactive contamination only in Cumbria. It is spreading up the River Lune towards the city of Lancaster. In the heart of the town, within sight of the cathedral, radiation can be measured at six times background. Other studies have found similar levels on the North Wales coast and the Solway Firth.

It is a fundamental principle of the nuclear industry that costs should be equated with benefit. The costs of Sellafield are now clear; for people who work there, an enhanced risk of passing on leukaemia to their children; and for all of us, the insidious spread of radioactive contamination that covers the coast of Britain and beyond. But what of the benefits? What has become of the reprocessed plutonium that was supposed to fuel a new generation of nuclear reactor—the fast-breeder? The answer: most of it is in store because Britain's fast-breeder programme has been virtually cancelled.

And what of the argument that reprocessing is the best way of dealing with nuclear waste? The House of Commons Select Committee on the Environment rejected this argument. Its chairman, Sir Hugh Rossi, told us that the committee found "that the process of reprocessing in fact generated a larger volume of waste..."

Yet the massive expansion of Sellafield continues. Their own advertisements boast that they are spending £1 million a day, and much of

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that money is going on a new reprocessing plant called THORP. Without a fast-breeder programme, and with Energy Secretary John Wakeham's effective death sentence on the rest of the nuclear industry last November, the question must be put with more force than ever: what on earth is the purpose of THORP?

The answer from BNFL is refreshingly open and honest. Alan Johnson, Chairman of the Reprocessing Group, told Yorkshire Television:

> ...the majority of fuel for THORP is overseas fuel...we are a service organisation for electrical utilities all around the world, so the cancellation or postponement of some reactors in the UK doesn't worry us, it doesn't affect THORP at all.
>
> *Narrator*: So ultimately the justification for reprocessing in the future at Sellafield is that it earns a lot of money?
>
> Yes that's right. Simply that.

And BNFL are set to make huge amounts of money. Contracts worth £8 billion have been signed and if further options are taken up by the Japanese that figure will rise to a staggering £11 billion. With all this money pouring in, what are BNFL doing to help the children of workers who are suffering from leukaemia, children like seven-year-old Gemma Darcy? When we put

The mud is so contaminated in places that it would be forbidden on a Sellafield workbench

this question to the Head of Health and Safety at BNFL, Roger Berry, he said:

> We are very fortunate in this country that the NHS provides outstanding cancer care. I can assure you that everyone in West Cumbria gets the best possible care that's going. But certainly for the little things that make a difference—if there's any link substantiated, we would certainly want as a caring employer to make sure that those children were particularly well looked after.

Gemma's solicitor, Martin Day, doesn't think this is a very satisfactory answer: "Why on earth should the Darcys also have to undergo all those worries about whether you make ends meet? They've got enough on their plate."

We have surely come to the point when the very existence of Sellafield must be called into question. By its own admission its main purpose is to make money. It is the world's nuclear dustbin. It doesn't light a single lightbulb or even deal adequately with nuclear waste. But it contaminates the air, land and sea and puts children's lives at risk. The long-term hazards to the human genetic and food chains are incalculable. But the short-term answer is obvious; it is time to put a stop to Sellafield's appalling and abiding legacy.●

Yorkshire Television's Sellafield: The Contaminated Coast will be shown on Monday 9 April at 9pm on Channel 4.

The nuclear nineties

Last week a US Customs "sting" prevented Iraqi agent Ali Daghir from exporting 40 "krytrons"—fast triggers to start a nuclear fission detonation—from the US to Iraq. Daghir and his collaborators now face jail sentences. But this makes a distinct contrast to the more relaxed US attitude struck towards other recent or near-nuclear weapons states—and the connivance of some other nuclear powers with the ambitions of favoured trading partners.

The Israeli government has admitted that between 1979 and 1983 it acquired 80 krytrons from the same manufacturer, EG&G Inc of Massachusetts. Like Iraq, Israel claimed that the trigger devices were for use in non-military, non-nuclear electronic systems. A grand jury investigated the undercover Californian companies Israel used to get the krytrons—but no-one was ever charged with an offence.

In June 1984, a Pakistani agent tried to obtain 50 krytrons from the same company and smuggle them out of the US. Nazim Ahmed Vaid was convicted only of a minor offence, and deported. This was despite urgent customs action taken five years before, when Britain and other European governments hastily imposed export controls on gas centrifuge equipment (used for enriching uranium) after the discovery that a series of Pakistani front companies had been covertly acquiring the separate parts of a uranium enrichment plant—now built at the Kahn Laboratories, Kahuta, near Islamabad.

Other nuclear and non-nuclear weapons nations—notably France, Germany, Britain and Canada, have assisted in lengthening the list of nuclear armed states, usually wittingly. International controls on the transfer of nuclear technology are limited, and do not include a ban on nuclear sales to countries operating military or allegedly civil nuclear facilities which are outside international supervision.

Only six weeks ago, even as tensions rose again in Kashmir, France authorised the sale of a nuclear power plant to Pakistan. Pakistan is still front-runner to become the world's ninth nuclear weapons state. The French decision marked a turnaround on a 1978 decision to curb the Pakistani nuclear enterprise. Construction of a plutonium separation plant by a French company was then halted after US pressure. The *Washington Post* warned last month that South Asia is becoming the place where a regional nuclear war is not only imaginable but is perhaps more likely than anywhere else.

Pakistan, like India, has not signed or ratified the nuclear weapons Non Proliferation Treaty (NPT). Nor have France or China—which also recently promised to deliver a nuclear reactor to Pakistan. West Germany has been deeply implicated in covert nuclear collaboration with South Africa, and has also supplied Argentina with reactors and equipment—despite Argentina's construction of a reprocessing plant unchecked by the regulatory safeguards of the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). Argentina also claims the right to stage "peaceful nuclear explosions". In 1982, the US State Department reported that "Argentina's capability... including eventually a nuclear weapons capability, remain a source of concern." Argentina is now offering to supply nuclear research reactors to Algeria and Tunisia.

Like Argentina, Brazil has refused to sign the NPT. The separate Treaty of Tlatelolco, which was intended to prohibit nuclear weapons throughout Latin America, is not in force in either country. Brazil was sold enriched uranium by Britain in 1982, despite operating nuclear facilities outside IAEA supervision, and a prior 1980 agreement for Brazil to sell uranium to Iraq. Also the recipient of West German assistance, Brazil is constructing equipment to both manufacture and reprocess nuclear fuel (at which stage the plutonium useful for nuclear weapons can be extracted from spent reactor fuel).

Medium and long range missiles capable of carrying nuclear warheads are a source of further concern. India, South Africa and Israel have all tested medium range missiles. In September 1989, defence magazines reported that an Israeli Jericho 2B missile had successfully been tested on an 800 mile trajectory from Israel into the Mediterranean. It splashed down north of Benghazi, Libya. Two months later, a report released by the US Defense Intelligence Agency under freedom of information provisions described the Jericho II missiles as being armed with nuclear, chemical and high explosive warheads'. Like the Israeli bomb, the Jericho missile was first developed with French collaboration during the 1960s.

Co-operation between the pariah states, Israel and South Africa, on nuclear weapons research is suspected to have extended to a covert joint atmospheric nuclear test in the Southern Ocean in 1979. Another missile and nuclear alliance has been established between Iraq, Argentina, and Egypt. Their joint project led in April 1988 to a test of the 500 mile range Al Abbas missile. The US has since pressurised Egypt to withdraw from the group.

Thus many new or would be nuclear weapons states in unstable or war-prone regions continue to refuse to join the NPT. These include

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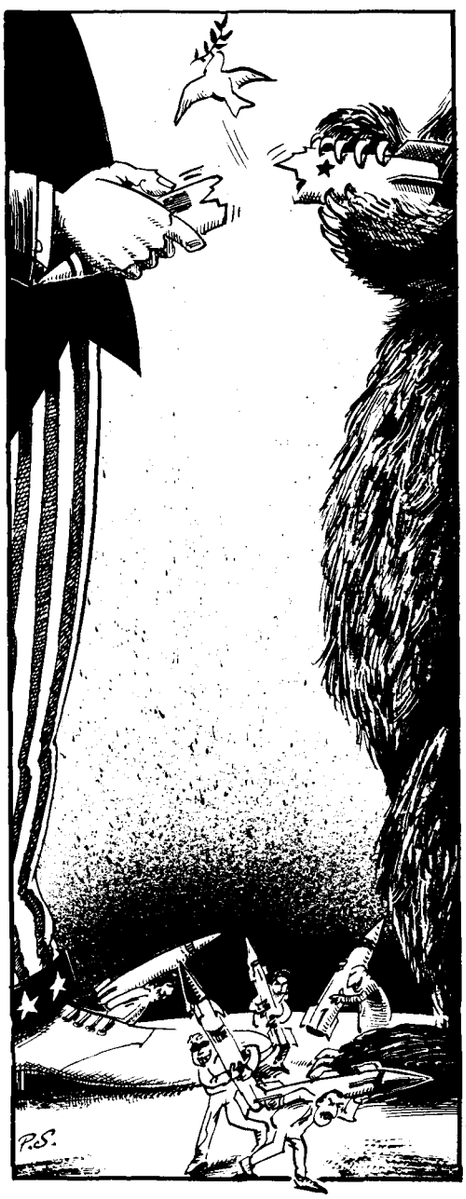
Western outrage at Iraq's nuclear ambitions masks a general indifference to nuclear proliferation, reports Duncan Campbell

Israel, and Iran, India and Pakistan, South Africa, Argentina and Brazil. Iraq has signed but evaded the treaty. But Israeli, South African, and Pakistani leaders have each made unguarded statements asserting their possession of a nuclear capacity. In 1974, then Israeli president Ephraim Katzir stated that Israel had "nuclear potential". Pik Botha professed in August 1988 that South Africa was "capable" of producing nuclear weapons. In 1987, Pakistan's leading nuclear scientist Dr Abdel Qader Khan repeated claims he first made in 1984 that Pakistan could make nuclear weapons.

India alone, outside of the main five nuclear powers, has carried out an acknowledged nuclear test. The "device" tested in 1974 was said to have been developed for "peaceful" civil engineering purposes, such as dam construction—since which time no dams have been constructed in this uniquely dangerous fashion. The Indian bomb was built from plutonium, secretly diverted from a Canadian-built reactor. But India can now make its own plutonium at Dhruva, a reprocessing plant near Bombay which does not come under IAEA control.

South Africa is suspected of carrying out a covert weapons test in the South Atlantic on 22 September 1979, possibly in conjunction with Israel. South Africa's advanced and highly secret uranium enrichment plant at Pelindaba, built with West German assistance, is unsafeguarded. The secret collaboration with West Germany—which included shared development on uranium enrichment—was exposed by the African National Congress in 1975, who obtained secret papers stolen from the South African's Cologne embassy. Two years later, first Soviet and then US surveillance satellites detected preparations for a South African underground nuclear test in the Kalahari desert.

Israel's possession of an extensive nuclear weapons stockpile has been regularly reported since the mid 1970s, and was continued after the brutal kidnapping and sentencing of Mordechai Vannunu, the former technician who revealed details of the Dimona nuclear weapons plant to a British newspaper. Israeli stocks were then estimated to be as large as 200. Much of the material for Israel's bombs has been covertly acquired, including the hijacking in 1968 of a shipload of 200 tons of uranium. More recently, Israel has tried to maintain a regional nuclear monopoly by pre-empting its potential opponents. In June 1981, Israeli bombers attacked and severely damaged Iraq's *Tamuz-2* research reactor at Tuwaitha, east of Baghdad. In 1985, it was claimed that Israel had proposed a second strike against a nuclear plant



Peter Schrank

in an Islamic nation, this time Pakistan's uranium enrichment plant at Kahuta. Israeli diplomats approached India for collaboration and secret refuelling facilities at an Indian air force base, but were turned down.

Although current Iraqi capabilities may be in doubt, their intentions and methods are more precisely known. In 1982, an Iraqi prisoner who for a time shared a prison cell with the toppled former chairman of the Iraqi Nuclear Comission, Dr Hussain Shahristani, said that the scientist had been arrested in 1979, tortured, and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for refusing to adapt the Tamuz-2 reactor for bomb production. Dr Shahristani had formerly been Saddam Hussein's chief scientific adviser.

Other states with longer term nuclear weapons potential include Taiwan, Egypt, South Korea, Libya, Syria, Chile, and Saudi Arabia. Until the fall of the Shah, Iran was also prominent in this race. Other industrialised countries (including Italy, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, Canada and Sweden) have signed the NPT and have not declared a political interest in developing nuclear weapons. But the potential is there. For example, there could be no doubt that, were a re-united Germany to decide to acquire nuclear weapons, it could do so rapidly.

Although not usually mentioned in analyses of emergent nuclear weapons states, Sweden decided to start an A-bomb programme in the late 1950s. By 1965, the Swedish armed forces had acquired, through ostensibly civil nuclear reactors, about 20 kilogrammes of weapons grade plutonium. But the government never gave the go ahead to make bombs, and the project ended in 1972.

NPT signatory states have often appeared willing to sacrifice safeguards against nuclear weapons proliferation for commercial or political advantage. This is particularly the case with the French sale of reactors and nuclear equipment to Libya and Iraq, and the German supply of enrichment and processing facilities to Brazil.

In just four months, the NPT faces its fourth five-yearly review. The Treaty, which entered into force on 5 March 1970, is now 20 years old. The next conference, in 1995, has to decide whether the treaty should then continue in force, and if so, indefinitely. The Treaty has been undermined both technically and politically by all the nuclear weapons powers. One of its most important provisions, so far as the not-yet nuclear weapons states are concerned, is Article VI, in which the nuclear weapons states undertake to "pursue negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear race and to nuclear disarmament".

Neither good faith nor effective measures towards nuclear disarmament have been much in evidence throughout the 1980s. This has produced inevitable cynicism among states like Pakistan, Iraq and Brazil—Iraq has even signed the NPT. Nor has there been progress towards a comprehensive test ban treaty. And only the happenstance of the 1989 revolutions in Europe has held most western leaders back (Mrs Thatcher being an exception) from further nuclear expansion and modernisation. ●

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Gorby looks east

The reason Gorbachev hasn't crushed the Lithuanians may be that he's learned the lesson of Tiananmen, suggests Jonathan Mirsky

"We should not forget," John Grigg wrote in the *Times* (27 March), "that physical strength is ultimately decisive in human affairs, whatever the balance of moral worth." Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 show that even when there is unquenchable desire for freedom, once the tanks roll in "it is all too effectively quenched".

The lesson for Mr Grigg is plain: in eastern Europe "if the Russians are moving out, it is not because the power of the people was irresistable but because Mr Gorbachev took a deliberate decision, *for his own reasons*, [emphasis added] to allow it."

Mr Grigg disposed of the effectiveness of Gandhi and the ANC, conceded a bit to the guerrillas in Afghanistan and Vietnam, and moved in for the kill, so to speak, with Tiananmen: "The most terrible warning is of course what happened in China. Just when it seemed that power was growing not out of the barrel of a gun, but out of the mouths and hearts of students, the army appeared in support of the government and within minutes the dream of a peaceful, popular revolution was shattered." And the same thing would happen, Mr Grigg warned, if the Red Army were used to crush "disintegration and anarchy" at home, as it already has in Tblisi and Baku.

But what if—"for his own reasons"—Mr Gorbachev excluded violence in East Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and does the same in Lithuania, *because* of Tiananmen?

I was in Beijing from the beginning of the demonstrations in April 1989 to their last hours on 4 June, and Mr Grigg is right, when he says that "the dream of a peaceful, popular revolution was shattered." Mr Gorbachev's excellent ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky would have told him how the armour rolled towards the Square, supported by foot soldiers, and how hundreds were killed in their path and a smaller number in Tiananmen itself. The ambassador would have reported as well that more unarmed people were shot outside the Beijing Hotel at 10.30am on 4 June and still more over the next few days. The demonstrations ended at once.

So why didn't Mr Gorbachev use the Tiananmen model in Leipzig? Deng Xiaoping, after all, had congratulated his commanders a few days after the killings for supressing a counter-revoutionary uprising aimed at installing a capitalist regime.

Mr Gorbachev, who was in Beijing last May during the demonstrations which, although they upstaged the Sino-Soviet summit, appeared to interest rather than to horrify him, would have noticed a number of things about the internal and international effects of the Beijing killings. From the beginning it was necessary to devise not just a Big but an Enormous Lie to disguise the extent and the effects of the official violence. It was claimed initially that not a shot was fired, not a person was killed. Then it was said that thousands of soldiers and police had been wounded and killed; eventually it was admitted that a few hundred citizens had been shot, including some innocents who got in the way. Finally, attention was focused on a an allegedly harmless soldier who had been set upon by a mob, beaten to death, disembowelued, burned and hanged from an overpass. (Two young British psychiatrists saw him first shoot a man, a woman, and a child, enraging the crowd which then killed him: *British Medical Journal*, 22 July 1989.)

This was the first time since the Communists came to power in 1949 that Chinese soldiers fired on unarmed citizens in their capital. It was a commonplace in Beijing thereafter for local people to say that even the Japanese had never stooped so low. Mr Gorbachev, in considering the use of troops or tanks in eastern Europe earlier, or in the Baltic states now, will remember that the small and even medium-sized steps attempted to stop the Beijing demonstrations—sending in some trucks, more trucks, some tanks, a few thousand unarmed soldiers, tear-gas near the Square—were thwarted or ignored by thousands of unarmed protestors. What eventually worked was unstoppable deadly force. But it is not even certain what orders were given to the troops and tanks on the night of 3 and 4 June; some fired, some didn't. Officers are said to boast nowadays that their units, at least, did not use live bullets on the night of the killings.

It was necessary to devise not just a Big but an Enormous Lie to disguise the official violence

Mr Gorbachev will note that China, whose reforms had preceded the Soviet Union's, is now in rapid reverse. Its economy is faltering, leading intellectuals are alienated or have fled abroad, education has been repoliticised, tourists stay away, the World Bank hovers about providing loans, the Japanese charge more for theirs, and Amnesty and the US State Department condemn the country's violation of human rights. China is at odds with most of her western friends; even George Bush, who on 10 December sent Deng Xiaoping a message calling him "my friend forever", is disappointed that the Chinese crackdown continues.

The *New York Times* China correspondent, Nicholas Kristof, quoted a European diplomat in Beijing last week: "No one cares about China any more. In Europe it's impossible to get people's attention about China after what happened here in June and afterward in eastern Europe. When China says, 'We will not apologise and you must kowtow before us,' they say—he made a rude noise and extended his arm in an obscene gesture." Only Hong Kong, understandably, is terrified.

And the means of violence, the People's Liberation Army itself, is no longer reliable. Venerable marshals and generals advised against the Tiananmen action; between 1,000 and 3,000 officers are said to be under investigation for lack of enthusiasm during the June events, and the heads of the Armed Police have been purged, reportedly for not hewing a path for the army as it bore down on Tiananmen. China's leaders concede that events in eastern Europe have "confused" their soldiers.

East Germans say that what caused the fall of Erich Honecker was his intention to "do a Tiananmen" in Leipzig, and that because of what he knew about Beijing Mr Gorbachev had him removed.

I believe that the non-violence of the citizens of Beijing from 15 April to 4 June—and the State's bloody response—saved tens of thousands of lives in the Soviet orbit only a few months later, and may save hundreds more in Lithuania. That is because Mr Gorbachev understands the difference between power and authority. Moscow has apologised about Tblisi, and it is accepted that in Baku the Red Army was intervening in interethnic chaos. Mao and Deng, by contrast, lost both power and authority when they used overwhelming force, in Mr Grigg's words, to "effectively quench" their adversaries.

In mid-May last year, as Mr Gorbachev was preparing to leave Beijing after the Sino-Soviet summit, he told reporters that he would have held discussions with demonstators like those in Tiananmen. I asked one of his entourage what the Russians thought of their opposite numbers. He replied: "I'll tell you one thing—Gorbachev hopes that next time he comes here he won't meet some of these guys." ●

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Mark Rye

A TEChnical hitch

This month, training in Britain goes private. John Withington takes a long look at what's going on in Manchester. Overleaf, Michaela Dungate on the worst conference on training she's ever attended

"You're quite right to say, why should we be involved when we've generally speaking under-invested. Have we been as aware as we should have been of our record in investment in people, compared with other countries in the world? We haven't."

It is not quite the kind of fighting talk you expect from one of the thrusting businesspeople put in charge of the government's shake-up of training, but the speaker is just such a person, Geoffrey Maddrell, chair of the Manchester TEC—Training and Enterprise Council.

From this month, the first TECs will start to take charge of training strategy in England and Wales. Eventually, there will be more than 80. The rules say that chief executives of local companies must have a majority of two-thirds on each TEC board. Putting private sector employers in charge of training strategy seems a considerable triumph of faith, or dogma, over experience. Britain has probably the poorest training record of any advanced industrial country. (Realisation of this fact has now propelled training to the top of the political agenda.)

Within that sorry context, official figures show that the three industries which give their employees most training are all from the public sector—health, education, and central government. Private employers contribute only a third of the £33 billion a year we spend on training.

This is what worries Eustace de Sousa of the Greater Manchester Low Pay Unit. He has been watching the construction of the TEC experiment with concern: "The TECs are controlled by the same private enterprise which for the past 50 to 60 years has allowed to a large degree British workers to become de-skilled, and has failed to keep up with our competitors abroad. The fact that we're entrusting such massive responsiblity to people who have that sort of track record heralds disaster."

The Manchester TEC will be one of the biggest in the country, covering four boroughs with a working population of more than 600,000. Its chair Geoffrey Maddrell is chief executive of the Tootal Group. This might seem a strange choice in that Tootal is a major company in the textile industry and, according to official government figures, textiles come last out of 17 industries in the training league table.

What you have to say for Maddrell, though, is that he does not seek to deny the contradictions or minimise the problems.

"If we take my own industry, we're talking about an investment of something like £330 per person per year in training. Now that's better than it was ten years ago, but it's still behind countries like Japan and Germany, and it's those

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countries we're going to compete with."

Maddrell also admits that no vetting was done on the training record of TEC board members. Had they examined the record of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, for example, whose chief executive is a member, the results might have been illuminating.

The Chamber was contracted to take 540 trainees on the government JTS scheme. Between April 1987 and February 1988, they managed just half that number. Nearly two-thirds of those left without finishing the course, and only 13 per cent of those who did leave went into a job or further training.

Running existing government schemes like JTS's successor ET and YTS will be one of the TEC's major tasks. Evidence of the disatisfaction of trainers and trainees with ET is widespread.

In Manchester, the record has been particularly bad. One voluntary sector scheme, the Council for Social Aid, provided Britain's most spectacular ET collapse when it went down with debts of over £1 million, leaving more than 1,000 trainees at a loose end.

Particularly worrying for the TEC board, though, must be the marked lack of enthusiasm shown by the private sector in the TEC area. In spite of those ads saying which mighty companies were going "to train the workers without jobs to do the jobs without workers", a survey last summer showed that in two of the four boroughs, private companies provided no ET places at all.

Far from being able to improve the quality of ET, the TECs may find themselves fighting to stop it getting worse. The problem is that the government has always tended to see ET and schemes like it in terms of bums on, or, to be more exact, off seats—in other words, getting the biggest possible number of people off the unemployment register at the lowest possible cost.

The Department of Employment estimates that the average grant to trainees is £20 a week for each trainee. Now, with the unemployment figures falling, the government is cutting spending on the scheme, to the barely disguised consternation of some TECs.

Maddrell says the money will have to come from elsewhere: "There are charitable organisations, and I can see no reason why we shouldn't go to those charitable organisations who have funding. There's the European Community. There are services we can sell."

Shifting financial responsiblity from government to charities ought to strike a chord with Mrs Thatcher. It is the kind of idea that was touted at the time when the Social Fund was being conceived. In other respects too, Maddrell speaks the Prime Minister's language.

He is going to apply business remedies to a deep-seated historical reluctance on the part of business to train its workers. "It's going to be a major marketing exercise," says Maddrell.

The question is whether business will buy the message. The government's own figures show that at the heart of Britain's rotten training record is the even more rotten record of small companies. Among those employing 24 people or less, nearly a quarter do no training at all.

There will be 82 Training and Enterprise Councils (TECs) covering England and Wales. (Scotland is to have Local Enterprise Companies.) They are modelled on an American idea—Private Industry Councils—which gave business the leading voice on training because it was felt that employers were the most likely people to know which skills were in demand.

TECs were launched by the Prime Minister in March last year. The boards were to be formed from groups of local chief executives who would come together spontaneously and put in a bid for funding. It was considered that it was more important to have people with the power and status to get things done, rather than experts in training.

Two-thirds of the board members have to come from business. The minority may be drawn from other interests, like education, the unions, voluntary organisations, and local authorities. Board members are there as individuals, not as representatives.

Each TEC submits an application to the government for development funding. Individual TECs have to negotiate their own budgets, and some are already complaining that the government is cutting the amount it is prepared to spend. The total fugure, though, could be in the region of £2½-3 billion a year. In addition, the TECs also get the services of 5,000 Training Agency staff (the successor body to the Manpower Services Commission) free of charge. Monitoring of their performance will be carried out by the Agency.

The TECs can also raise money from other sources. In the budget, donations to TECs by companies and individuals were made tax-deductible.

The government has two main hopes. That TECs will understand local labour market needs better than civil servants, and that they will get better value for money out of the funds spent on existing training programmes.

While they are charged with encouraging a more enthusiastic attitude towards training among employers and fostering enterprise locally, at least initially, their main task is likely to be to run existing programmes, like YTS—the Youth Training Scheme (now to become YT)—and ET.

ET—Employment Training—is itself only 18 months old. It mopped up a number of existing schemes, like JTS—the Job Training Scheme—and the Community Programme. Launched in September 1988, it was hailed by the government as "the largest training programme we have ever had... a massive investment in today's unemployed people."

In fact, it has been constantly criticised as underfunded, with trainees only being paid benefit plus £10 a week, and trainers getting as little as £18 per week per trainee. In an effort to improve their quality, TECs will be allowed more "flexibility" in running these schemes.

"Marketing" training here could meet a bit of consumer resistance. One small Manchester employer in Geoffrey Maddrell's own industry is, or rather was, former England footballer Mike Summerbee. He has just closed down his shirt manufacturing operation in Manchester, and will have the shirts made by another company in London instead.

The reason was that he could not find qualified staff. Why not train your own? You must

"If I took anybody off what they were doing to teach anybody even if it was for half an hour, I'm losing production. I can't afford it"

be joking, says Summerbee. "If I took anybody off what they were doing to teach anybody even if it was for half an hour, I'm losing production. When you're a small business like mine, you can't afford to do that."

Training may be underfunded, but the TECs will still be in control of big sums of public money. They will also have at their disposal the staff of the Training Agency, also paid for out of taxation. The Manchester TEC will be looking for a budget of around £35 million a year.

Yet public representation on the TEC board is scarcely visible. There are four local authorities in the Manchester TEC area—three Labour controlled and one Conservative. They get one place between them, which has gone to the chief executive of—you've guessed it—the Conservative authority.

In fact, any sort of accountability is minimal. The board members are there as individuals, not as representatives. Though the government believes they will increase awareness of local labour market needs, in fact, most of the Manchester TEC board comes from local outposts of national and international companies.

Nor is there any evidence to suggest that the TEC board members will have the expertise to oversee training in Manchester's inner city, where unemployment rates can be as high as 30 per cent. Allan Chesney of the Greater Manchester Employment Association, has spent years trying to cultivate job opportunities in the unpromising soil of east Manchester.

"In east Manchester, there are something 900 people who haven't worked for six years: long-term unemployed people who have major problems. Whether industrialists are going to be able to do anything for the group I don't know. Major industry seems to have fled this area."

What worries Eustace de Sousa is that the TECs will be limited companies: "One of the main problems is that because the TECs will be public limited companies, they'll be able to withhold a significant amount of information from the local community—on equal opportunities, on how many more young black people have been recruited into the more prestigious YTS schemes and so on."

ET and other government schemes in the past may have been a major disappointment for many of those they were supposed to help, but at least it has been possible to excavate the data that demonstrates their failings. When TECs take over even that safeguard may be removed.

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Jobs for the boys

Michaela Dungate went to Women & Training's conference on "Building Bridges" last month—and came away appalled at the size of the chasm

In his welcoming address, NatWest's J P Honeysett put his finger on the pulse when he spoke of the need to "root out social prejudice and inherited attitudes". But the first ripples of unease spread through the audience when Women and Training's chair, Susanne Stoessl, came out with an innocent-sounding remark about Mr Honeysett's *wife* being willing to move house a lot—while *he* progressed up the career ladder. The effect of this was to provide the first of many illustrations of just how far all of us have to go to break down gender conditioning.

That WAT chose a man to deliver the first keynote speech is curious; that David Clutterbuck, chair of the Independent Training and Education Media Group consultancy, should make quite such a mess of it is even more perplexing. How could the editor of *Marketing Business* have failed so comprehensively to do any market research?

There's a school of thought which says that public speakers can win over an audience by sharing problems. However, Clutterbuck was woefully off - key when he confided engagingly that he had found his brief difficult and that he felt a bit overwhelmed. As one delegate so succinctly put it: "If I were to stand in front of a room full of men, as I often do, and say that I felt outnumbered, I would look coy and silly and feminine." However, what most puzzled delegates was the extremely offensive way in which we were being addressed. Jokes are all very well but, at a conference whose underlying theme is equal opportunities, it is plainly unintelligent to speak of Irish bank robbers—who saw off their shotguns at the wrong end in a fake Irish accent.

Mr Clutterbuck's use of "he" when referring to senior management was questioned. His reply: "... it is terribly difficult for me to switch into a feminine perspective but I will try to say 'he or she' a bit more," got the derision it deserved.

Things got no better. Was it really necessary to tell us that "women are not helped all that much by courses on assertiveness, which means teaching them basically to behave like men..."? Was it constructive to say "joining networks is all very well, but networks of people with the same disadvantage have great problems in getting anywhere"? A little homework would have informed our speaker that Women and Training is a network (partly funded by the Training Agency), whose membership of women and men include large companies and local authorities makings serious attempts to take on board equal opportunities, as well as pioneering trainers in the field.

On being informed that the audience consisted mainly of "knowledgeable, senior women who would prefer a more sophisticated analysis

Contd on page 28

Mark Rye

WELFARE WATCH

Doubtful benefit

The average administrative cost of an appeal to the social security commissioners, according to a recent parliamentary answer, is £2,428.29. The commissioners deal with some 2,300 appeals a year, so the total cost is about £5.6 million.

Most of these appeals are lodged by claimants dissatisfied with the decision of a local tribunal. DSS adjudication officers who think the tribunal was too generous can also appeal to the commissioners, but there are relatively few such cases.

Commissioners' decisions are a crucial part of the adjudication system since, unlike those of appeal tribunals, they are binding in subsequent cases. It is deplorable, therefore, that a great deal of the work currently done by the commissioners is a total waste of time.

The main reason is the enormous backlog of appeals created by the slashing of entitlement to single payments in the two years preceding the abolition of supplementary benefit in 1988. In both 1988 and 1989, more than half the commissioners' decisions were concerned with pre-April 1988 supplementary benefit cases, of which a large proportion were appeals against the refusal of single payments.

The flow continues unabated. Very few of these cases raise any *new* points of law, and those that *do* are of little interest since the law in question was repealed two years ago.

Typical appeals decided against claimants in recent months (at £2,428 a time) include that of a single man refused a payment for two pairs of shoes he needed in mid-1987; a young mother refused a payment to carpet the home she moved into three years ago; and a man refused a payment for a donkey jacket to start a new job two years ago.

Appeals which succeed, at least to the extent of being sent back by the commissioner to be reheard by a local tribunal, are often just as futile. In two such cases, the question to be decided by the tribunal is whether, two years before, the claimant had been entitled to an urgent need payment for one day's living expenses.

While these old cases continue to clutter up the machinery, more recent appeals, often involving much larger sums of money and important points of law, remain unheard. There were 3,331 appeals outstanding at the end of 1989, enough to keep the commissioners busy for about 17 months.

The situation demands drastic action. For instance, claimants with a prima facie case, whose appeals have been outstanding for a year or more, could be offered a generous out-of-court settlement. Lawyers would be appalled by such a proposal, the claimants concerned would welcome it, there would be a net saving to the taxpayer, and the commissioners would at least be able to get on with deciding appeals under the post-1988 legislation.

Tony Lynes

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of how we build career bridges", Mr Clutterbuck discarded his notes. A delegate asked: "Could you tell us from a male perspective, how we might influence the influencers like you?" The answer appeared to be a resounding "no", for we were then lectured on "mentoring" and on how it is up to the individual to seize the opportunities which are there.

Ealing's director of personnel, Sylvia Pierce, pointed out that the speaker was totally failing to address the notion of male power, and drew attention to the vast numbers of women who are not aiming to be senior managers but trying to get out of dead end jobs. "How do you develop yourself if you're a part-time cleaner," she asked. "By mentoring?" It appeared from the reply that the onus must be on women to progress.

Day two dawned; would this be the conference to break all public speakers? No. Joanna Foster, chair of the Equal Opportunities Commission, had done her homework and related what she had to say to the reason we had all gathered: to look at ways of ensuring better quality, better quantity and better access to training for women.

Not the first to draw attention to the white, male, middle-aged look of the new Training Enterprise Councils, Foster is clearly getting down to the brass tacks of raising their awareness. The problem is that even employers who invite the head of the EOC to speak to them and are positively seeking to entice women back to work haven't begun to think through the implications and investment needed. "They think a bit of flexible working is all they have to provide," says Foster. "They're not yet looking seriously at training and promotion." At a recent meeting with leading employers "in a sector that's crying out for women", one man was overcome with surprise. "Do you mean we're going to have to start thinking about things like *childcare*?" He is now chair of a TEC.

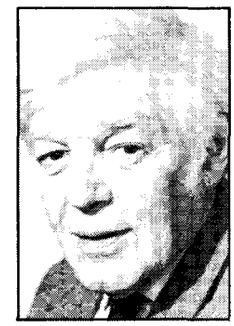
Of the 49 TECs formed so far, just one has a female chair; 42 of the 458 board members and six of the 49 chief executives are women. Yet women will represent more than half the workforce in 1995. While the Training Agency holds the reins in the changeover period, equal opportunities policies have to be built into TEC corporate and business plans. However, the gap between policy statement and implementation is massive—just one area where WAT's collective expertise could prove useful.

Wittingly or not, Clutterbuck has put women's training and development back firmly on the agenda. WAT's national office, already working closely with the EOC, is even more determined to take a proactive role in helping TECs to become aware of the many tried and tested training initiatives practised by its member organisations and trainers. Regional groups are busy assessing how they may be able to help TECs to identify and meet skills shortages through building on positive achievements in the realm of women's training at all levels, and through strategies designed to offer employees real choice in terms of childcare and care of the elderly. The offer is there, let's hope the "captains of industry-led" TECs will be receptive.

FRINGE BENEFITS

The build-up boys

Colin Ward



I missed out on Sunday School hymns, but I learned one long ago from a fellow soldier who would sing it endlessly while working on the causeways which now link the islands around Scapa Flow. It went: "We are building day by day/ In our work and in our play,/Not with hammer, blow by blow/Not with chisel, sawing so/'Little builders all are we/Building for eternity."

It surfaces in my mind every few years for good reason. I lately read the diploma dissertation of an architect, Geoffrey Haslam, who had an intuition that exceptionally creative adults had a childhood history of building dens, hide-outs and camps from whatever materials came to hand. So he collected a sample of people he considered to be outstandingly creative. When he probed their past with a tape-recorder, they all responded with vivid accounts of their den-building activities between the ages of seven and 14.

Haslam comments that "considering that they can achieve so much at such an age with no assistance or guidance it seems odd that so few adults ever set about building even the simplest structure. Some time during their development they lose ability, confidence and motivation to build."

Then I read one of the half-dozen biographies of the overwhelmingly creative American architect Frank Lloyd Wright. They all stress that his mother was a Froebel-trained teacher. All modern theories about play and its place in education can be traced back to Friedrich Froebel who started the first kindergarten in 1840. He developed a series of gifts, occupations, games and songs which he thought appropriate to different stages of a child's growth. The "gifts" began with a woollen ball, to be given to a child at three months. Next was a wooden sphere, a cube and a cylinder, followed by a series of subdivisions of the cube. Further gifts—you could call them birthday presents—followed: wooden rings, sticks and building blocks. Some of Wright's biographers trace these gifts' direct influence on his early houses at Oak Park, Illinois.

So we can't dismiss the experience of being a little builder just because it won't be recognised in the National Curriculum. Nor can we fail to relate the differing scores of boys and girls in tests of spatial ability to the gifts we choose to give them.

This is why, with that Sunday School reminder in my head, I went off to Gloucester. It wasn't to see Robert Opie's Museum of Advertising and Packaging at the docks there, but to catch the current show of *Building Toys* (at the Gloucester Folk Museum in Westgate Street until 21 April).

Significantly, it has been put together, not by an old buffer reliving his childhood, but by a maths teacher from Bristol, Malcolm Hanson, who organised a Meccano exhibition a couple of years ago. Children have been building with offcuts from the joinery shop or with houses of cards for a very long time, and more than a century ago "Dr Richter's Art Department" in Leipzig was making bricks of resin-bonded stone dust, later known here as Lott's Bricks.

But all such products depended on nothing but gravity to hold them together. So some manufacturers produced cement. This however had the disadvantage that the chosen model became permanent: the object was lost. Others then supplied a water-soluble bond: dip your tower in the sink and it becomes available for everything else.

The most far-sighted devised ways of making the systems interlocking, in a dozen different ways that press, clip or bolt together. Endless products are on show: Minibrix, Bayko, Dinky Builders, Arkirecto, Wenebrix, Samlo, Arkitex, Matador, Mobaco and Pennybrix. Every available material was used in the effort to catch the market.

They were the toy equivalent of the motor industry. If only the market was big enough, they could conquer it. In the end it was won by a pacific Danish father-and-son firm, Lego, carefully exploiting all the efforts of their predecessors to hold the whole thing together.

It's an unintentional parable of course, of society itself. The one-off models of Tower Bridge or Buckingham Palace were doomed, as they left nothing for us to do tomorrow. If you elected for one particular aspiring system, all you could hope for on birthdays was an additional set to add to your chance to do the same thing. In both closed and open systems, the kind that will win is adaptable to any kind of creativity.

We are in a bout of the Individualism kit, adopted just because the Collectivism pack seemed so expensive. What we kids need is a creative and interchangeable range of parts that lets us build what we like. So long as it's interlocking and compatible, none of us can fail.

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Society Today is *NSS*'s term-time page for sociology students

Brave new world

As the communist regimes in eastern Europe collapse, Tony Cole looks again at the end of ideology

There can be little doubt that 1989 will be a date as familiar to future students of European history as are 1815, 1848, 1914 or 1939. The changes which have taken place in eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are of overwhelming historical significance. For over 40 years eastern European countries have had one-party systems of government, commitment to Marxism as the state ideology, and centralised and highly bureaucratic planning of their economies.

Much of this has gone. There has been the election of a non-communist prime minister in Poland, the overthrow of communist government in Czechoslovakia, the end of the Ceauscescu regime in Romania, and the apparently impending reunification of Germany as a single capitalist nation. A range of market-oriented and capitalist economic policies have been adopted in Hungary and elsewhere. In the Soviet Union, the abolition of the Communist Party monopoly has been proposed.

What does all this mean? How is it to be understood? Clearly, the influence of President Gorbachev is a key element, but sociologists seek explanations that go beyond individuals, however important they may be.

One kind of explanation might come from those sociologists who, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, predicted "the end of ideology" (Bell), and suggested an inevitable convergence between different types of advanced industrial societies as a result of the "logic of industrialism". The classic statement of this position came from Clark Kerr et al (1962), who argued that "all industrialising societies respond to the inherent logic of industrialism itself. The empire of industrialism will embrace the whole world, and such similarities as it decrees will penetrate the outermost points of its sphere of influence, as its sphere comes to be universal."

Industrialism, it is argued, has certain technological requirements which give rise to the need for a labour force which is specialised, hierarchical and unequally rewarded, as well as being socially and geographically mobile. Second, because of developments in mobility, transport and communication, cultural diversity is seen to be replaced by growing social consensus and a decline in conflict. This consensus will be reflected in a more democratic system of government. Finally, there is a growing role for central government in managing the requirements and problems generated by technological change.

Judy Stevens

Discussion:

Are market forces or state regulation better able to deal with the problems of pollution?

The idea that all industrial societies can be understood as ultimately a single type of society is clearly at odds with the Marxist view that the pattern of ownership and control of the means of production, and not just the level of technological development, are central to the shaping of a society's social arrangements. In that sense, the convergence and the end of ideology theses are themselves highly ideological, even more so since they also suggest that all industrial societies will inevitably converge on the western capitalist model.

These ideas have recently been revived. The theme of the triumph of the west was explicit in an article written last year by Francis Fukuyama, a US government official. Entitled "End of History?", it claims that the changes occurring in the eastern bloc represent "the endpoint of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalisation of western liberal democracy", (*Guardian*, 4 November 1989). Ironically, almost at the same time, the Chinese prime minister was describing socialism as the "irreversible tide of history" and, referring to the conflicts in China and elsewhere, added: "To see only the whirlpools and counter-currents of socialism and not see the swift current of the long river of history is political short-sightedness."

The latter quote especially illustrates one of the intrinsic problems of theories of inevitability: they can never be disproved since their proponents can always argue that whatever is predicted is still going to occur—sometime. In terms of the convergence and end-of-ideology theses, it is interesting to note that no sooner had Bell made his prediction than the major ideological conflicts and liberation movements of the 1960s arrived, based around anti-imperialism, anti-racism, anti-sexism and the counter-culture of hippiedom. The logic of industrialism thesis has also been criticised for its failure to take sufficient account of human activity and conflict as agencies of historical change.

Fukuyama's argument has been criticised on a number of counts. He seems to assume that China or a reunified Germany will present no challenge to the end-of-history idea. Second, by limiting his view of history to the roles of communism and the west, he has ignored the third world (on the exploitation of which, it might be argued, the "success" of capitalism has been built). Third, he underplays the drama of history in his own country with its massive urban poverty and associated problems of crime, drugs, racism and so on.

Other exponents of the "failure-of-communism/triumph-of-the-west" argument are the American economist, Dr Yardeni, and Mrs Thatcher, both of whom see the issue in terms of the alleged victory of market-forces economics over state planning or regulation. This idea is discussed by William Keegan in the *Observer* (10 September and 12 November, 1989): he points to the failure of market economics in Britain to provide adequately for public needs of housing, health, education and transport.

Perhaps even more significant is Keegan's position on the environment. While polluted Poland demonstrates that controlled economies are not necessarily environmentally clean, it remains true that unregulated affluence leads to massive pollution. This is exemplified by the southern state of California's tough new anti-pollution controls, and by concern about the ecological impact of unrestricted usage of cars in Britain.

The major historical events of the last eight months should not be simplistically regarded as either the vindication of capitalism or as evidence of the collapse of Marxism.

Kerr, C et al (1962) "Industrialism and Industrial Man" Heinemann

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Roughing it to death

As you pass them on the streets, they are worn faces and hurt bodies—anonymous outcasts. But the homeless are more than distressing pictures to those who know them. Neil Ansell worked with some of them in London and recalls their pleasures and their pains, their lives and their deaths.

This is an extract from "The Untouchables: Tales of Life and Death among London's homeless", published by the Simon Community and available at £2 from 106 Harmood St, London NW5.

I still remember, though only as a series of blurred images, the first time I ever set foot in this strange place. Sunday morning, up before light to load a battered van with urns of hot, sugary tea and plastic trays loaded with jam sandwiches. Racing through the deserted streets to make our deadline. A sea of overcoated figures clustering shambolically around the van before it's even parked. Tappings on cardboard boxes like you'd knock on someone's door—"Good morning! Would you like a cup of tea?" Tired, time-worn, hungover, unshaven faces

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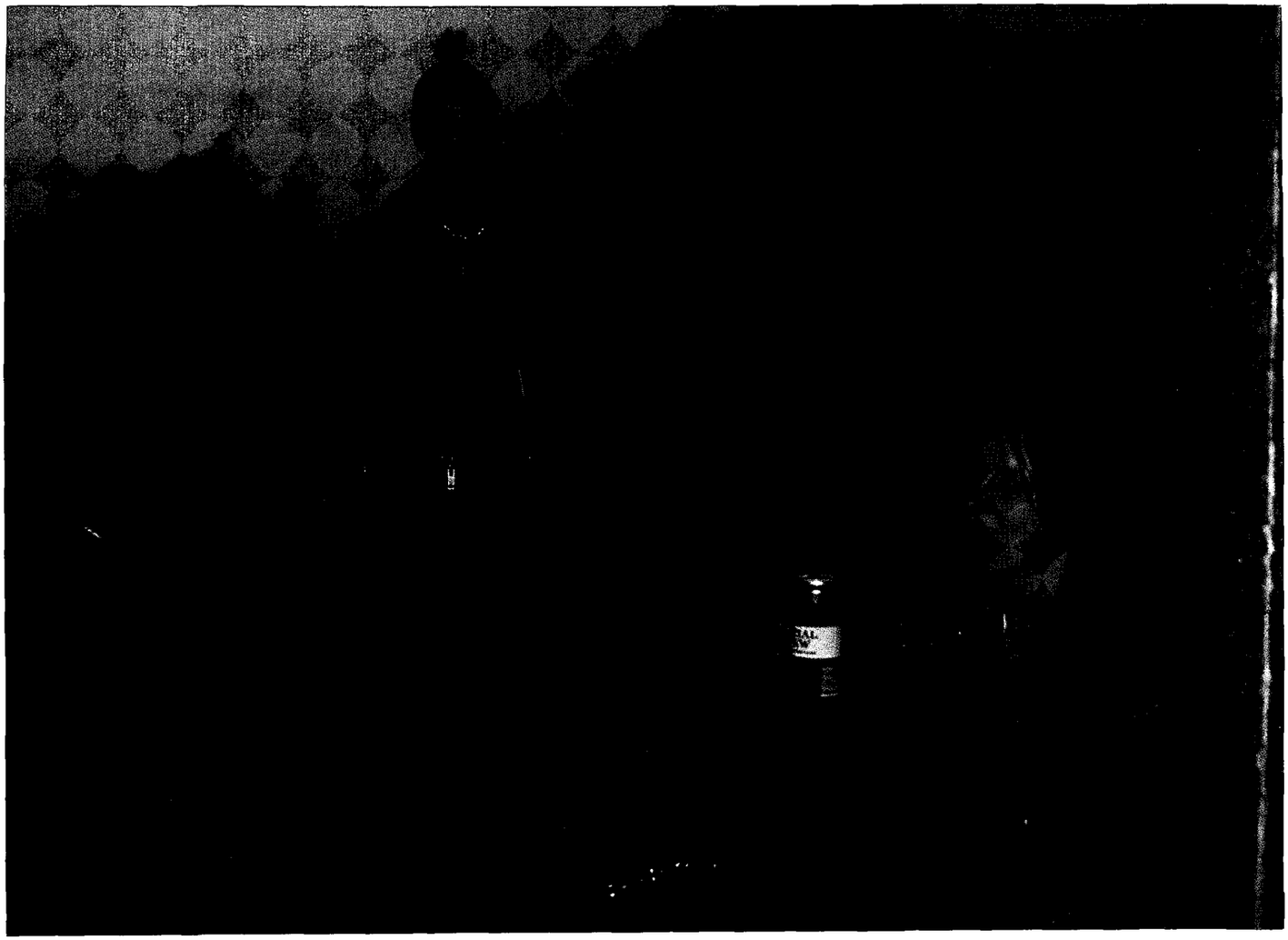

Homeless on the South Bank/Chris Steele-Perkins/Magnum

emerging like chicks from eggshells. Which came first, the dosser or the cardboard box? A long conversation with one man about the weather. He thought it was warm, I thought it was cold, but then, he was wearing six jackets and two overcoats. Ten, a dozen, 20 outstretched hands reaching out to me as I parcel out pinches of rolling-tobacco. People cracking jokes about the quality of the sandwiches. Shouting to overpower the roar of the trains. In the middle of the long row of cardboard, a wheelchair.

Casey seemed to command enormous repect from all the others present; as people got drunker they began to bicker among themselves, but one word from Casey and they would settle their differences at once. In the flickering firelight, his face looked like a death-mask as he slumped in his armchair. I summoned up the courage to go over and speak to him. "I hope you don't mind my asking, Casey, but are you ill? You're not looking at all well."

He smiled patiently. "You haven't heard? My woman Lil, we'd been together 20 years, and not two months ago she died, on that very bed." He pointed towards the mattress in the corner. "And would you know what the last words she said to me were? She said 'I'll be taking you with me.' And I know that she was right... I'll not be on this earth much longer." I understood then the respect that the others held for Casey—it was respect for the dead.

Bert could not get himself rehoused, nor even receive an old-age pension, for the simple reason that he did not remember his date of birth

Bert had been sleeping rough at Charing Cross, and before that at Temple Gardens, for between 20 and 30 years. He had virtually been the "king" of the arches, the toughest of the lot, and held the highly-prized job of selling newspapers at Embankment Tube station. But old age had caught up with him, and he had been the victim of a mugging which was the cause of a severe stroke, and put an end to his reign. As a result of this stroke, he finally joined us; people had been inviting him back from the tea-runs for years, but he had always insisted that he enjoyed "the life" far too much to move in anywhere. The stroke had left him crippled down one side, and with a speech impediment which frustrated him enormously. "Comin' round 'ere, an' that," he would say, "Ah'm sick of it, up to 'ere... an' that," and he would get more and more angry as you made incorrect guesses as to his meaning. "Noo, Nooo!" he would shout, thrashing the air angrily with his walking-stick, until you finally caught on to what he was trying to get at.

But Bert could not get himself rehoused, nor even receive an old-age pension, for the simple reason that he did not remember his date of birth. We finally discovered a way of working it out, by making use of the one thing that Bert could remember from his youth, his regimental number with the Royal Leicesters, but by then it was too late. Bert died of a second stroke early one morning, while waiting for the tea-run to take him on his weekly visit to his old friends at Charing Cross.

Or Jim was another. He was in his seventies and lived in the waiting room at Euston Station, where he was left relatively in peace by the

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Transport Police on account of his age. His reason for living here, he explained, was simply that he liked trains. Every fortnight when he collected his pension he would buy a return ticket to Preston, Lancaster and Morecambe, "the three best railway stations in the land." He never left the stations, he was simply not mobile enough for that. After his trip was over, he would sometimes come and stay with us, usually arriving by taxi, and full of his latest adventures. Perhaps he had fallen asleep on the train, and woken to find himself in Scotland. British Rail had put him up in the best hotel in town, had given him a breakfast of sausage, bacon, eggs, beans, tea, toast, and marmalade, and had put him on the next train home.

When he was with us, and not eating, his favourite pastime was sitting conducting to classical records with his walking-stick. "Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Brahms and Liszt—now that's what I call music," he would declare repeatedly. In spite of the reference to Brahms and Liszt, Jim was teetotal; "Haven't touched a drop in 43 years. Not like the wife, and she was a wicked woman." His hatred for his long dead wife was of an intensity normally reserved for the living. "The gravedigger asked me if I wanted forget-me-nots planted around her grave and I said 'Not likely' ", he would expound, recalling his favourite anecdote.

Jim had extreme difficulty walking as a result of his ulcerated and gangrenous legs; he was doubly incontinent, and he was starting to suffer from senility. It was clear that Euston Station could not be home for him for much longer. So we took him to the Homeless Persons Unit in the hope of getting him accepted as vulnerable under the Act and being offered a place in an old peoples' home. But no, he was refused on the grounds that he was a "wanderer". We were stunned. "A wanderer! But he's got a fucking walking-frame. How can he be a wanderer when he can't even walk without a frame?" But it was all to no avail. Not long after that, Jim vanished from Euston Station, and not even the station guards had any idea where he had got to. He's probably dead by now, but if you're ever in Preston, Lancaster or Morecambe stations, keep your eyes peeled for an old man conducting with a stick as he hums the classics to himself.

One Saturday night at this time, a friend and I had managed to escape to the pub for an hour or two's peace and quiet and a couple of pints of beer. But you cannot escape from the work that easily—it has a tendency to follow you around wherever you may go. A dwarf came in to our chosen pub, sporting a bright red baseball cap and a walking-stick, and proceeded to beg off the patrons of the house. He was very short, even for a dwarf, well under four feet tall I would say at a guess, and he was also evidently drunk. Ever watchful for "one of ours", we bought a pint and invited him to join us. He apologised for being an alcoholic, and we said that that was all right, and we knew lots of alcoholics as we worked for a place for homeless people. He explained to us that he was homeless too and just now was sleeping in the waiting-room of the hospital directly over the road, as his daughter was a patient there, having been knocked down by a car. This being the case, we invited him to join us for Sunday dinner the next day, and he surprised us by not only accepting our invitation, but by actually coming. It transpired that many people living in the house already knew Ron as he was a well-known West End "character". He moved in that same day—we never waste much time with formalities in Simon.

Ron's stay was as short as he was, and relatively unmemorable. I do remember that he used to call everyone "big feller" and tell them they were a "diamond". I also recall that on more than one occasion he annoyed the hell out of everybody by getting too drunk to walk, taking a taxi home, and getting us to pay cash on delivery. But before leaving, he did achieve one thing—his daughter was being discharged from hospital with nowhere to go, and we had agreed to take her.

So Kate arrived to join us, complete with miniature crutches; for she was no taller than her father. She was still in her teens, she was plastered with make-up, her bleach-blond hair reached almost to the ground, and she was dressed in shiny black plastic trousers. She looked like a doll, and soon endeared herself to everyone through her charm, her liveliness, and her quick-wittedness. When her rather less popular "dad" left shortly afterwards, she seemed totally unconcerned, and doubts were expressed about the nature of their relationship. But, mind, she had plenty of problems of her own to keep her occupied. She had a drug problem, and was due up in court on a charge of soliciting at Kings Cross, the prospect of which absolutely terried her. She was hardly an old pro—this was her first time up on this charge, and she had no idea at all of what to expect. She had, before her accident, been living with a barbiturate addict, while she was a "speed freak"—an amphetamine user, that is. It takes quite a feat of the imagination to contemplate the chaos that must have ensued in the relationship, what with the clash between uppers and downers. It was clearly not realistic for her to return to this domestic situation, so we were landed with her, or she was landed with us.

Peter certainly wasn't one of these people who make a regular habit of attempting suicide

Just today I have received a phone-call from London to tell me that Peter has committed suicide. I was surprised, I am always surprised, though I really should have known better by now. Death is so much a fact of life in Simon that when you return from even a week away, your first question is always "who's dead?"

A couple of times, Peter had rung us and told us that he felt like killing himself, and someone had driven down and talked him through the crisis. Perhaps this time he didn't have any change for the phone-box. He certainly wasn't one of these people who make a regular habit of attempting suicide, though the majority of people in the latter category never go the whole hog, and manage to successfully—or should I say unsuccessfully?—kill themselves.

I have known only a handful of people who have actually taken their own lives, but I know many more for whom the making of suicide attempts has become almost a way of life. It is a complex business, far more complicated than the simple attention seeking it is normally credited as being, and the forces which motivate people to make attempts on their lives can be many and varied. There is of course the obvious plea for help. I knew one man who, on finding himself desperately unable to continue living alone, threw himself into the Thames, off Waterloo Bridge. When the river police finally picked him up, they were forced to congratulate him on his swimming ability. He had swum upstream almost as far as Westminster Bridge before they managed to catch up with him.

Then there are those for whom the attempt is more a reflection of their hatred of themselves, some deep-seated, self-destructive drive, than of any hatred of the world. We once had a girl living with us who in addition to the commonplace wrist-slashing, would regularly swallow sharp objects—knives, forks, razor-blades, broken glass—which would later have to be surgically removed, in bulk. Once or twice, when her internal scrapyard was causing her pain, she attempted a do-it-yourself caesarian. These attempts seemed more directed towards causing her pain than causing her death.

There are even those for whom the "suicide attempt" is a pragmatic choice. One frequent visitor to the community, on finding himself with nowhere to stay during the course of his travels, frequently takes an overdose of the barbiturates prescribed for his epilepsy. He knows exactly how many pills he needs to take so that he requires only two or three days in hospital to recuperate, and does himself no great damage. On at least one occasion that I know of, he has been admitted to three different hospitals in one week.

When the inquest comes up, it will probably be determined that Peter "took his own life while the balance of his mind was disturbed." Peter suffered from mental illness, and was termed a "manic-depressive psychotic," which, to the uninitiated, means that the doctors didn't know quite what was wrong with him, as he didn't fall within the boundaries of their regular categories. This uncertainty was reflected in the range of drugs Peter was prescribed, and their relative ineffectiveness. Peter died of an overdose of these drugs. It is perhaps ironic that it was the treatment for the illness which provoked Peter's suicide that was the means by which he achieved it. ●

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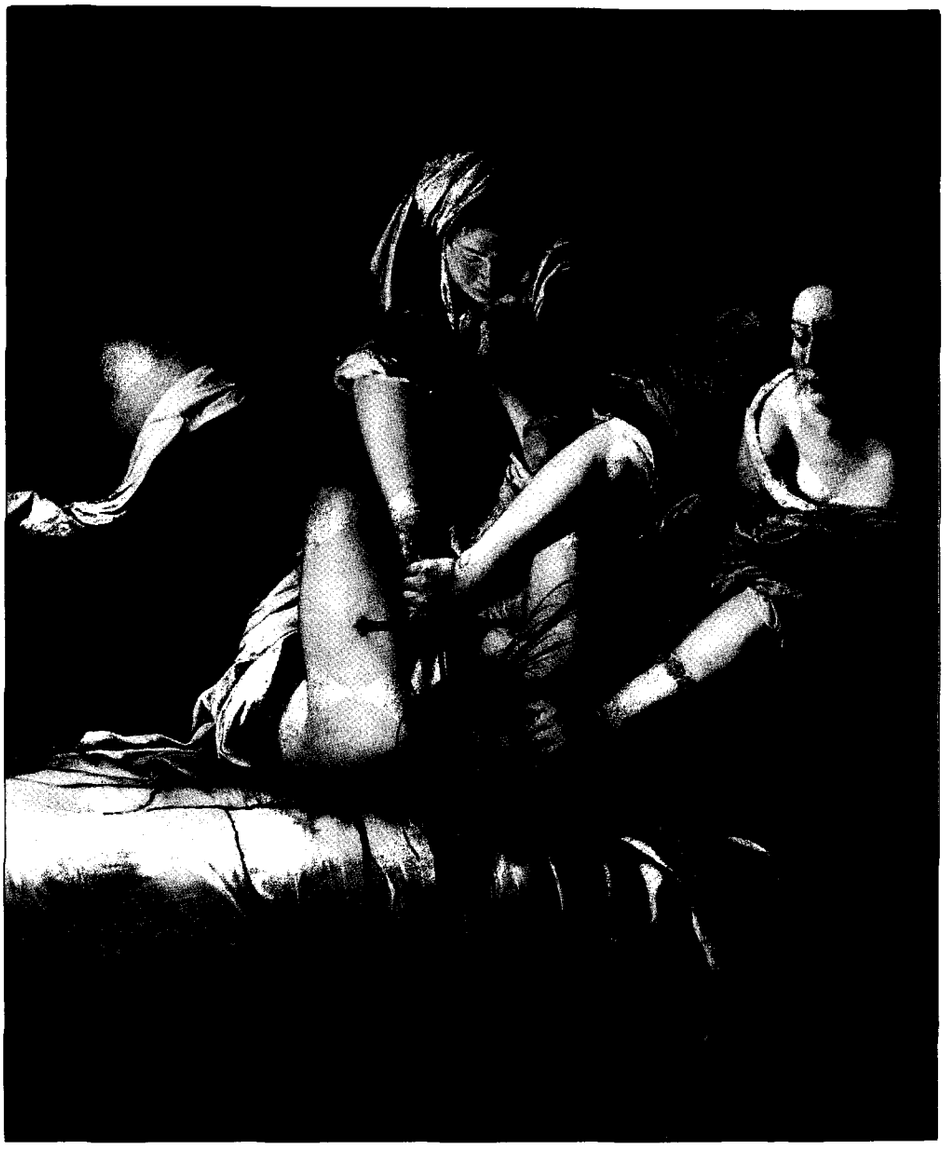

Artemisia Gentileschi's "Judith decapitating Holofernes", c. 1618

Mirror images

WOMEN, ART AND SOCIETY
Whitney Chadwick
Thames and Hudson £8.95

Marina Warner

The homeless woman in the tunnel at Charing Cross was offering her paintings for sale: on top of the pile, a tree of life with a female figure caught in it. The price of paintings is rising, with the price of women's painting lagging behind others'. A recent Guerrilla Girls poster protested that for a single Jasper Johns ($17.7 million) you could have bought "at least one work" from all of 60 old mistresses.

But the market isn't a dependable index of worth, as we know. And we also know that women artists aren't freaks, or that rare an occurrence, although whenever one appeared—in Bologna, Paris or New York—there was a tendency to treat her as an exotic species. Renoir commented that female writers, lawyers and politicians were "monsters, nothing but five-legged calves", while women artists were "merely ridiculous". Still, that was the first time I'd seen one begging. The experience cast new light on Emily Mary Osborn's "Nameless and Friendless" of 1857, showing a dealer appraising a painting while a woman holds a child by the hand and awaits his verdict with woebegone look.

It is six years since Linda Nochlin and Ann Sutherland Harris's landmark catalogue to the show "Women Artists 1550-1950" at the Los Angeles County Museum, and a decade since Griselda Pollock and Roszika Parker's acute work, *Old Mistresses*. Many monographs have been written on individual artists, many biographies, catalogues and editions of letters and other materials produced to illuminate the work of periods ranging from Hildegarde of Bingen in the 12th century to Nancy Spero today. Whitney Chadwick has undertaken the colossal task of collecting the recent scholarship, blending it, and then pouring it into the classic mould of the *World of Art* survey.

She opens with Zoffany's group portrait of the Royal Academy in 1771-2. Academicians pose a male model in the studio, while the two female members, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann, look down from bas relief cameos hanging on the wall behind. They were not allowed in the life room, on grounds of decorum, of course, though Chadwick adds: "There is no place for the two female academicians in the discussion about art which is taken place here." Until 1922, Moser and Kauffmann remained the only women elected to that ruling body of the British art world.

Any examination of art made by women demands attention to women's place in society, and Chadwick's first chapter looks at the distortions and erasures in the art historical record for political, social and sexual reasons. The book then follows a chronological path, treating the middle ages rather skimpily, widening out in the Renaissance, writing vivid pages on the animal rights movement in the late 19th century, the popularity of the novel *Black Beauty*, and their connection with *animalier* artists like Rosa Bonheur. Its focus sharpens when it reaches the avant garde before and after the First World War, and discusses the role of fashion and styling. Towards the end, the numbers and variousness of living artists threaten to overwhelm the book.

Throughout, Chadwick listens to the long dialogue between women and prevailing definitions of their natures. "Dialogue" rather than simply "argument", because *Women, Art and Society* reveals how artists have not always contested current expectations but have sometimes excelled within their restrictions. The Dutch still life painters of the 17th century yielded to the prejudicial view of women's capacity which assumed some kind of natural relation between the female sex, food, flora and fauna, decay and vanity. But a flower piece by

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Rachel Ruysch or a botanical illustration by Maria Merian press observation so far they push over the boundaires of realism, break the anthropocentric model of understanding nature, and dissolve ominously the boundaries between health and illness, purpose and malfunction. I badly missed examples of Maria von Oosterwyck's work here.

In the last few decades, the debate has grown much more heated, of course, and the exchange between women and current definitions and expectations of the sex drives the development of female motifs and methods. Some artists adopt wholeheartedly extant symbolism (Judy Chicago's flower-vulva, woman-dish); some guy it (Cindy Sherman's rape victims, film stars); some reclaim and transform traditional decorative skills (Joyce Kozloff and Miriam Schapiro's patterning, dress-making); while yet others quest for a new language of representation, outside and beyond the lexicon and usage of the past (Mary Kelly and Susan Hiller).

Chadwick's enterprise presents formidable difficulties: women artists do not make a movement, like Futurism or Dada or other titles in the Thames & Hudson series. In order to squeeze this jostling crowd of varied and unruly and noisy and colourful subjects into her pages, Chadwick has turned to recent feminist theories of representation. Her study testifies to the current dominance of aesthetic philosophy and criticism, as practised by thinkers as different as Derrida, T J Clark, Norman Bryson and Lisa Tickner. But *Women, Art and Society* does not so much apply these writers' approaches to illuminate individuals' work as pull their formulae over a much more traditional, positivist art historical approach. Sometimes the dazzle of theory blinds her to the art itself.

It has always been hard to see the work of women artists. Judith Leyster's signature was concealed under forgeries of Frans Hals's; when Sofonisba Anguissola painted one of several self-portraits (she was an innovator in this field), she chose to show her teacher Bernardino Campi painting her portrait, as if acknowledging that when she looked in the mirror she could sometimes only see her own image as she had been taught to see it.

Feminism has worried at this quandary of doubled female consciousness, and it would be a great shame if the obscuring of women's art shifted in another direction, and continued, not in the name of male artists and their exclusive preserve, but for the sake of ideological purity. However fine and inspiring the exemplars of the past may be, they do not have to be made in our image, or reflected in the mirror we hold up. To be a woman painter does not imply being a feminist, nor does it follow that even a feminist woman painter would be free necessarily from "voyeurism, fetishism, scopophilia". The allegorical figure of painting, in some emblem books, wears a gag on her mouth to signify the silence of art. One of the paradoxes of some contemporary writing about art is that it does not always untie that gag but can serve to bind it tighter.

In her earlier book, *Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement*, Whitney Chadwick showed her great gifts of archaeology, empathy and advocacy when she rediscovered many artists overshadowed or even gobbled up by the male heroes of surrealism. Here, she is not laying new trails, nor establishing lost or neglected reputations. She points helpfully to areas that need further research, and forever lays the ghost of claims that there are no women artists. Her ambitious study confirms the vastness and variety of women's artistic production, at the cost of revealing that the shoe she offers it pinches too tight.

On top of the tower of Babel

THE STORYTELLER
Mario Vargas Llosa
Translated by Helen Lane
Faber & Faber £12.99

Nick Caistor

Mario Vargas Llosa has often insisted that, in a country like his native Peru, it is the tellers of fictional stories who speak the truth. While everyone else, from professional historians to journalists to politicians, are busy telling lies out of self-interest or incapacity, imaginative writers keep alive the true stories of their community. As he says in this novel, the storytellers are the "living sap" of their society.

The storyteller of this book is one adopted and protected by the Machiguengas, a nomadic tribe in the eastern Amazon region of Peru. Remarkably, he is in fact Saul Zuratas, a Jewish Peruvian from the capital Lima, who is an outcast from that world both because of his race and because of a huge coloured birthmark which completely disfigures his face. Zuratas' interest in the Machiguengas grows out of ethnology studies at university, which deepens into a conviction that the tribe must be rescued as the last survivors of a different kind of society. He determines to penetrate so deep into their beliefs that he can play a role in helping them survive. Faced with "progress" that has always meant destruction, the Machiguengas' response is to "walk on", and the itinerant storyteller becomes vital in helping them keep their identity, however scattered they may be.

But there is a second storyteller in the novel. This is the first person narrator who tells us about Saul Zuratas. He is a Peruvian writer who, during a stay in Florence, discovers an exhibition of photographs of Peruvian tribes and is intrigued to find his old university companion Zuratas in the midst of them. This second storyteller is firmly embedded in the other Peru, which belongs in its own underdeveloped way to the late 20th century.

We are told that the narrator previously presented a weekly TV programme, "The Tower of Babel", which covered as wide a range of cultural topics as possible. Once it took him into the jungle to "cover the story" of the Machiguengas, and put him back on the trail of his old friend. And just as Zuratas keeps the myths and traditions of his adopted people alive with his stories, so the novel suggests that television can do the same for our tribe, uniting people cut off from each other in their living rooms or shanty-town shacks.

The main drama in the book is not the story of the narrator's search for Zuratas. It is, rather, his (and of course Vargas Llosa's) attempt to recreate the language used by his friend as he narrates to the Machiguengas. Almost half the novel consists of this invented language for describing the tribe's cosmogony and myths. Vargas Llosa does this in a way that nearly always convinces, even when Chrisitan myth and Kafka are woven into more "primitive" material.

A third level of the book brings the narrator close to Vargas Llosa himself. Like its supposed author, Vargas Llosa actually wrote it in Florence. He also presented a programme called "The Tower of Babel" on Peruvian television, and attended the Lima university described in *The Storyteller*. So the book returns to a recurrent theme in Vargas Llosa's work: an exploration through fiction of the process of creation itself, especially the way that the style of telling stories validates them by endowing them with a unique kind of truth.

Vargas Llosa is undoubtedly a master stylist. The book's major success is in making different worlds not only equally believable but immensely enjoyable. If anything, he is too much in control of his creation; perhaps because in 1990, it is reality which has invaded his stories.

When he returned from Europe to Peru in 1987, Vargas Llosa was horrified at the left-wing government's proposal to nationalise all the country's banks. He protested so eloquently that he found himself in the midst of a full-scale political row. Soon he founded a political movement, which became the right-wing "democratic front". The speeches he made on its behalf were so popular that he was chosen as its presidential candidate. His storytelling on the campaign trail has been so convincing that he is the frontrunner for the 8 April elections, and is likely to be installed as Peru's next president in July.

He is too much in control of his creation; perhaps because in 1990, reality has invaded his stories

Now his truths have become partial. His political ideology follows the free market fashion in evidence everywhere from his fellow author Havel's Prague, to East Germany, to Peru, and is based solely on the community of consumers. If he becomes president, Vargas Llosa has said he will sell off all Peru's 232 state entreprises, end all protection for its industry, and reduce its huge bureaucracy. If nothing else, this should provide him with a huge army of unemployed to sit around and listen to the stories he has to tell then.

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Moral panic over moral panic

SEX, DEATH AND PUNISHMENT: ATTITUDES TO SEX AND SEXUALITY IN BRITAIN SINCE THE RENAISSANCE
Richard Davenport-Hines
Collins £20.00

Lesley Hall

In spite of a title in the great tradition of *The Whip and the Rod* or *The Worm in the Bud*, this book is no plain-brown-wrappered piece of antiquarian voyeurism. It documents the persistence of certain forms of stigmatisation. As it sweeps like a roller-coaster through a topical panorama of recurrent themes in the discussion of homosexuality and venereal disease, its focus leaps vertiginously between the close-up and the vast over-view, while the chronology darts forward and then doubles back. This is history as polemic, with its consequent strengths and weaknesses. As on a switchback ride, we are thoroughly shaken up, but have we actually got anywhere?

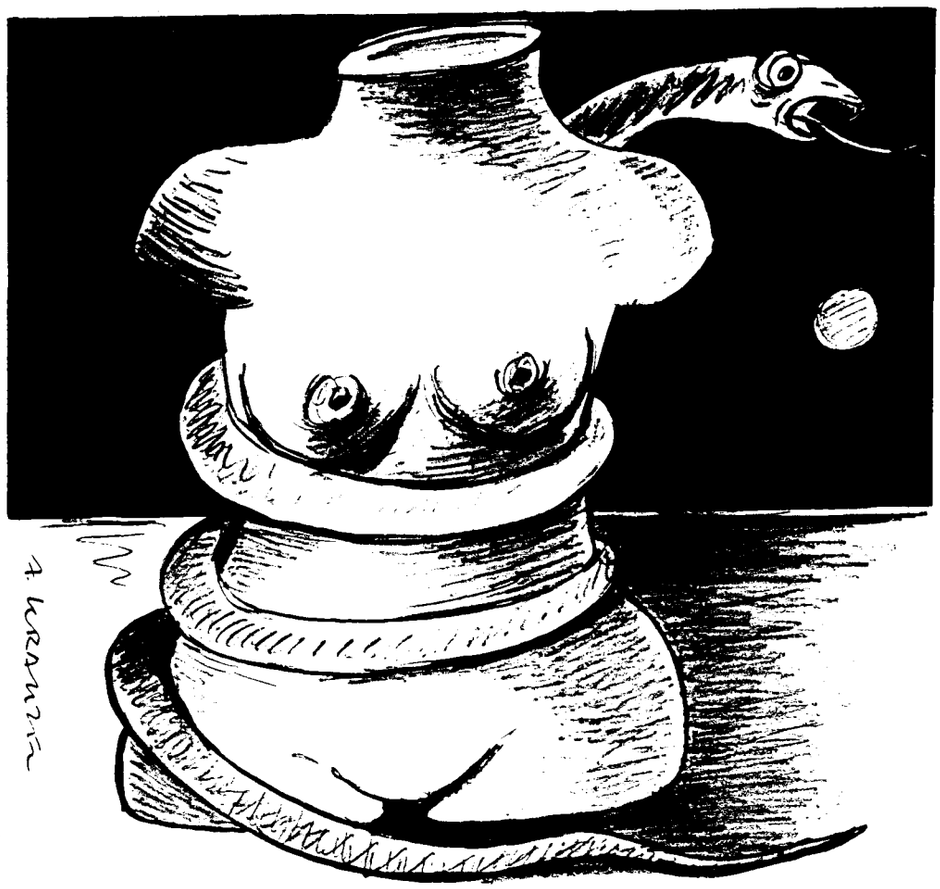
Maybe it's pedantic to quibble over some carelessness and inaccuracy in such a mass of material. Or to object to cavalier generalisations, sometimes mere asides, but sometimes not, which are misleading or downright wrong. Or to want a little more context: how did those prosecutions for sodomy during the Napoleonic Wars compare for numbers and sentences with the crack-down on others perceived as "subversive"? The rapidity and force of the writing sometimes blurs matters. So the social purity movement appears as responsible for the Contagious Diseases Acts, rather than for their repeal. Homophobia and the fear of syphilis are assigned a weight to which other factors contributed. Havelock Ellis's *Sexual Inversion* was scarcely the only book excluded from the British Museum catalogue! And those 18th-century proto-tabloid accounts of male brothels, "molly-houses", were, like Fischer and Dubois's salacious *Sexual Life in Wartime*, less impartial evidence than part of the problem.

These are niggles, perhaps, given that the general thesis on the survival of stigmatisation is undeniable and convincing. A more central problem is the curiously self-reflexive whipping up of moral indignation over the whipping up of moral indignation. In this study of the prejudiced and prurient, prurience threatens to overwhelm us.

Davenport-Hines remarks that "it is usually the most punitive remarks that give discussion force or form, or remain most memorable". Thus the baddies in the tale are vividly delineated; the few goodies who do appear seem muted, wishy-washy, and even infected with similar prejudices. When L W Harrison, justly described as the "father of compassionate venereology", described venereal patients as "a danger to the community", was he really manifesting intolerance rather than a public health perspective on infectious diseases, equally applicable to measles? This is only one point where Davenport-Hines appears certain of what lurks in the hearts of men and women.

The noisy fulminations of wilful prejudice and determined ignorance are recorded at length. Passionate intensity, however, has not always been the property of the worst, and the best have not always lacked all conviction. The book denies the possible agency of reason or liberalism. There is scant reference to figures such as Josephine Butler or Havelock Ellis, and it is astonishing and confusing to find that the Contagious Diseases Acts were suspended and ultimately repealed, or that the Wolfenden Committee concluded by recommending the decriminalisation of homosexuality. Such changes seem to come from nowhere, as random dispensations of providence or total accident, and to improve matters hardly at all.

This perverse, almost hypnotised, fascination with the very awfulness of the subject reflects the rantings of the self-righteous and the gutter-press, just as these reflected obsessive interest in the "evils" they attacked. The reader and history seem trapped beyond hope of rescue in that claustrophobic house of distorting mirrors, the mind of the intolerant bigot, whose own fears and uncertainties about sex are projected onto the homosexual and the sexually diseased.



Andrzej Krauze

Our own worst enemy?

PLOTTING PEACE: THE OWL'S RESPONSE TO HAWKS AND DOVES
Ronald Higgins
Brassey's £17.95

Paul Rogers

In *The Seventh Enemy*, Ronald Higgins wrote in 1978 of the seven threats to humankind: overpopulation, food shortages, resource depletion, environmental degradation, uncontrolled technology, the nuclear threat and ourselves, the seventh enemy. In *Plotting Peace* he concentrates on the East-West confrontation to promote his "owl's" answer to hawks and doves. Neither peace through strength nor peace through non-violent alternatives is, in his view, viable. Instead he argues for an an alternative view which sees security as "social, economic and cultural before it is diplomatic, let alone military".

Plotting Peace was written substantially before the remarkable events of late 1989, and the essence of his immediate reply to Gorbachev's earlier initiatives is a package of responses for NATO and the west. These start with proposals to clear tactical nuclear weapons out of central Europe and halt nuclear modernisation, but go on to envisage a non-nuclear European Security Community replacing NATO.

These remain laudable aims, but are being overtaken by events as Germany unites and the Soviets pull out of eastern Europe. The reality

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Wine will be served. Admission free.

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HANIF KUREISHI

The author of the screenplay for *My Beautiful Laundrette*, will be reading from and signing copies of his hilarious first novel, *The Buddha of Suburbia* (Faber £12.99).
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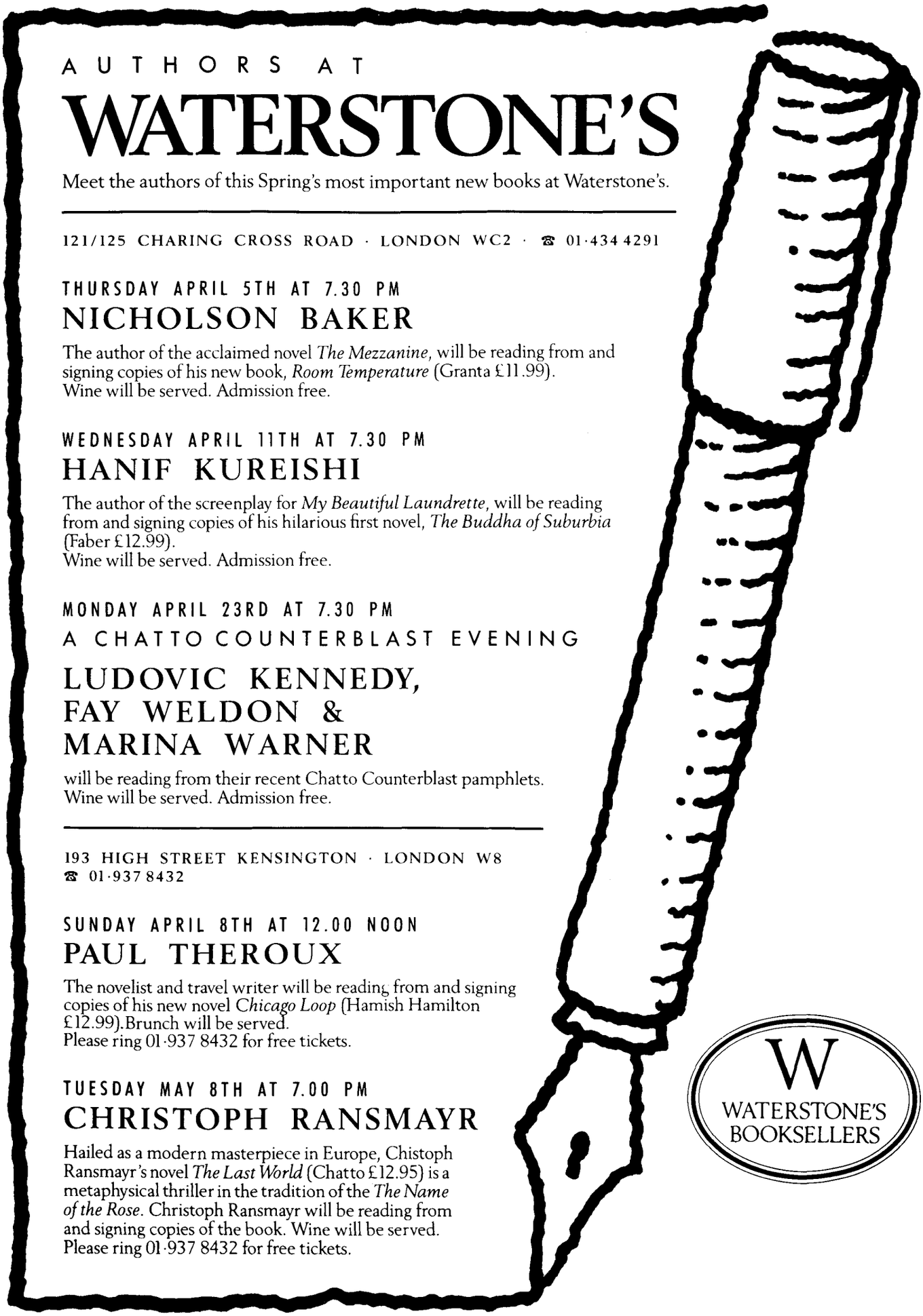
TUESDAY MAY 8TH AT 7.00 PM

CHRISTOPH RANSMAYR

Hailed as a modern masterpiece in Europe, Chistoph Ransmayr's novel *The Last World* (Chatto £12.95) is a metaphysical thriller in the tradition of the *The Name of the Rose*. Christoph Ransmayr will be reading from and signing copies of the book. Wine will be served.
Please ring 01·937 8432 for free tickets.



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may be a messy cluster of uncoordinated unilateral actions, with Germany leading the way through rapid redistribution of resources from defence to the civil economy.

Even so, Higgins brings a wealth of knowledge and experience to bear in reminding us of the wider context of global security. One of the central dangers of the easing of east-west relations is that the industrialised north will divert its energy to maintaining its global environmental constraints. *Plotting Peace* touches on this problem and contributes some initial ideas on the nature of a sustainable world order.

The Seventh Enemy was one of the most readable and stimulating books of the seventies. *Plotting Peace* has been somewhat caught out by the pace of recent events, but will still manage to communicate across the political spectrum. For his next book Ronald Higgins could do worse than apply his ideas on security to the global concerns of the nineties. *Plotting Peace* makes a start, but he has much more to contribute.

Dream-time in America

CHICAGO LOOP
Paul Theroux
Hamish Hamilton £12.99
ROOM TEMPERATURE
Nicholson Baker
Granta Books £11.99

Julian Loose

Theroux's characters often incline to conceit and duplicity, and none more so than Parker Jagoda, the psychotic anti-hero of *Chicago Loop*. A successful architect and health food faddist with a beautiful wife and baby, Parker also has a secret history—he uses the personal columns of the Chicago *Reader* to ensnare vulnerable women. Theroux lends his creation his peculiar gift for scorn, but with a manic twist, so that Parker is ferociously alert to the hell that is other people.

In the summer heat Parker's precarious multiple identities collapse when he recognises himself in media reports of "the Wolfman", a murderer whose love-bites are fatal. Horrific memories fill him with crushing remorse, and in an elaborate attempt at self-punishment Parker adopts the lifestyle of the lonely, masochistic woman he killed. His days are spent watching junk television and eating junk food, and at night he invites death by walking the mean Chicago streets wearing drag: the passive murderer becomes an active victim, his life describing a ghastly loop.

Theroux's taut narrative logic is typically sharp and uncompromising. He plays with macabre originality on the adage that you are what you eat, and provides a grim pathology of the personal column—if women seldom detail a man, while men explicitly depict a victim, it is because "women advertised the facts of their lives; men described their fantasies." Male sexuality is exposed: Parker out cruising, a dark, desperate version of Tootsie, finally sees men clearly, "their talk, their stares, their very presence, as they surrounded and crowded him and moved him on." But clothes do not a woman make, and the novel falters when Parker "as a woman" asserts that the female victim is responsible for "her share of the violence".

While Parker feels too "lethal and filthy" to enter his baby's room, this is precisely the "lulling domestic setting" for Nicholson Baker's *Room Temperature*. Like his earlier *The Mezzanine*, Baker's ostensible narrative, Mike feeding his baby, is spectacularly uneventful. A part-time technical writer and reviewer of TV commercials, Mike's one act of "abject, charmless, filthy stealth" is nose-picking in the nuptial bed. When he confesses this habit to his wife the thrilling intimacy of the moment—like his wife's revelation that she searches for reading material ("often a specialized work of reference") to take to the bathroom—is cherished as "one of those powerful, marriage-reinforcing confidences".

Mike's talent is for quirky analogies which display his outsize vocabulary. As the baby sucks at her bottle he rhapsodises on such matters as an air-pump filling a car tyre, Robert Boyle's *General History of the Air*, the "uvularly hoisted" voice of Pee Wee Herman, the vacuum in an unopened jar of peanut butter, childhood breath-holding contests, playing the French horn, and the "addictively sickening" taste of a sucked Bic pen. Mike has a theory that twenty minutes of anyone's mental ruminations contain enough proliferating connections to cover "every pet theory, minor observation, significant moment of shame or happiness", and somehow these fascinating reveries on material objects do add up to an entrancing evocation of a common man's uncommon inner life.

The novel makes such a playful virtue of its slightness that it is easy to overlook Baker's large-scale ambition: to take the "stiff-jointed prose" that we have inherited from the 17th century and revitalise it with the "genetic fund of replenishing counterexample and idiosyncratic usage" of an earlier, Jacobean digressiveness of style. We are so entertained by his capacious sentences, which accommodate everything from aircraft design to Stravinsky, that we are entirely persuaded that Baker has succeeded. We only resent the economy of his means, and wish that Mike could continue to direct his speculations "frictionlessly in any direction".

Theroux plays with macabre originality on the adage that you are what you eat, and provides a grim pathology of the personal column

A feast of memories

MEATLESS DAYS
Sara Suleri
Collins £12.95

Caroline Moorehead

When Sara Suleri became an adult, she made the decision to leave Pakistan, where she grew up, and her family, to whom she was devoted, and to live in New Haven, in America. She left almost nothing behind, for in her mind she carried a clear and densely packed picture, not only of the intricate web of family relationships, but also of the the texture of the life she had abandoned. When disasters followed, they only served to fix those memories more indelibly.

Meatless Days is an extraordinary first book, made up of fragments of autobiography, overlapping and complementary, but without chronology or sequence. They convey, with pleasing acuteness, a series of images; and through those images, a sense of time and history. Sara Suleri's mother was Welsh, and a teacher; her father a dissident Pakistani journalist and editor, frequently at odds with the regime of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who held power for some of the time covered in this memoir. She grew up in Lahore, during the struggles for Pakistani independence, as the third of five children unusually welded by their mixed parentage and united opposition to the world. Suleri's father spent some time in and out of jail for his outspoken political opinions.

The book opens with a chapter-long profile of Dadi, her Pakistani grandmother, born towards the end of the 19th century and already so badly afflicted with curvature of the spine that she had the "posture of a shrimp" and "went scuttling through the day". Dadi had ferocious strengh of character. There came the moment when she and her son stopped speaking, but the elaborate silent rituals that followed, with provocative gestures and facial pantomines of revulsion, were no less bellicose. It was during a speechless phase that Dadi set fire to her cotton nightdress while making a forbidden cup of tea at three o'clock in the morning. Though turned into a "little flaming ball", she survived ad "patched herself together", while Sara nursed her.

By the time she did die, some years later, worse things had befallen the Suleri family. Soon after Sara left for America, a rickshaw driver ran down and killed her mother. She stayed on in New Haven, but she did go home when, almost exactly two years later, a speeding car killed her elder sister Ifat, as she was walking home on a mild March evening. Sara reached Pakistan in time to see the narcissi left by Ifat on their mother's grave, to commemorate the second anniversary of her death, still flowering.

Meatless Days takes its title from the second, and possibly the best, piece in the book, a

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strange, even comic essay on food and fasting and the efforts made to circumvent the Pakistani government's edict that two days should be meatless to conserve the national supply of goats and cows. Here, through meals and tastes and smells, and jokes played with words and fads, the relationships between brothers and sisters emerge, and between the children and their mother, whose mild and loving manner acts as a kind of backdrop to the entire narrative. Chapter by chapter, the book unfolds as a series of memories, so precisely and richly described, though apparently casually told, that they take on extreme clarity. The tone is resolute, never self-pitying. The reader retains a sensation of infinite sadness at losses so irreplaceable that life seems bleached of possibilities.

Perhaps because they are too new, or because America has not yet caught Sara Suleri's imagination, or because nothing is as potent as a family, the scenes and friendships from her adult days are handled more awkwardly, at times even sentimentally. But as an evocation of family love, with all its sharpness, pain and need, *Meatless Days* is almost faultless.

Nobbled by the state

TAKING LIBERTIES; THE CRIMINAL JURY IN THE 1990s
Sean Enright and James Morton
Weidenfeld & Nicholson £13.50

Jolyon Jenkins

All writers on trial by jury quote Lord Devlin; let this review be no exception. Devlin claimed that jury trial is "the lamp that shows that freedom lives". One can then neatly segue into some line such as "but the lamp is in danger of being extinguished". This is the burden of barrister Enright's and solicitor and journalist Morton's excellent book.

It is easy to construct a case against jury trial. Twelve people are summoned, supposedly at random, but in fact according to a system which would cause any working social scientist to be blackballed from the Royal Statistical Society. They are then expected to deliver judgement on a subject about which they have absolutely no expertise or experience. Not surprisingly, they sometimes show themselves unfitted to the task. One former juror tells how the female members of the jury refused to take part in its deliberations. "Oh you men settle it amongst yourselves," said one—and they did. In a case last year, it was discovered that the jury had gone out drinking with the defendants after the judge dismissed the case. One juror announced to the press that she and one of the accused had formed a romantic attachment.

But the occasional perversity of juries is, of course, their strength, as the case of Clive Ponting famously shows. One telling fact is that, in Northern Ireland, where jury trial has been abolished for serious offences, guilty pleas are far higher than in the rest of the United Kingdom. Defendants prefer to put their faith in the leniency of judges when it comes to sentencing, rather than try to persuade them of their innocence.

Because juries are the uncontrollable and unpredictable element of the criminal justice system, they have come under sustained attack from every quarter. The government alleges that they are too expensive, the police allege that they are too lenient. The justices clerks' society, which has a vested interest in seeing more cases dealt with in magistrates' courts, object to their role. So do judges, who dislike the messiness juries introduce into the trial process.

Morton and Enright meticulously document the underhand erosion of the jury. In the sixties the Metropolitan Police fed newspapers, politicians and judges with hokum anecdotal evidence to "prove" that jury-nobbling was occuring on a grand scale. This was swallowed whole and used to justify the introduction of majority verdicts. Similarly, the Association of Chief Police Officers produced bogus statistics which purported to show that jury acquittals were running at an unacceptably high level. By the time the statistics were discredited, the damage had been done. More recently, Sir Peter Imbert has played *exactly* the same game in his campaign to abolish the suspect's right of silence.

Anecdotal evidence also figured in the government's attempts to justify the abolition of "peremptory challenge"—the process which allowed defence lawyers to veto up to three prospective jurors. In this case, the government commissioned proper research which showed that, contrary to received wisdom, peremptory challenge was not being used to secure unjustified acquittals. But the government went ahead and abolished the challenge anyway.

Less remarked was the change in the law to make defendants found guilty liable to pay a proportion of the costs of their trial. Only the rich can automatically afford to have their cases heard at Crown Court; the poor may have to make do with a magistrates' court hearing.

All of these erosions have occurred piecemeal, with hardly any public discussion about the principles involved. At the same time, academic research on juries has been halted —thanks, inadvertently, to the *New Statesman*: after the Jeremy Thorpe trial the magazine carried an interview with a member of

As the spring blooms return to the megaliths and ley-lines, Methuen publish *Mythology of the British Isles* by Geoffrey Ashe (£17.99), a sober, scholarly and sumptuously illustrated tour of native legends, from Old King Cole to Tristan and Isolde. Above: King Arthur gatecraches a giant's barbeque.

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the jury, and was hauled in front of the courts for contempt. As a direct result, the 1981 Contempt of Court Act made it an offence to solicit any information about what happens in jury rooms; and so it is harder than ever to fight official nonsense with fact. Enright and Morton are to be congratulated for sounding the alarm.

A small zone of doubt

IN THE BEGINNING
Irina Ratushinskaya
Translated by Alyona Kojevnikov
Hodder & Stoughton £14.95

Sue Hubbard

Irina Ratushinskaya learned early not to cry. Forgetting to bring her English textbook to school for use by another student, she was denounced by her class for not being "a good friend". "Never mind, let her cry" declared her teacher, a paragon of Marxist instruction, and with a single sentence, the young Irina learned "that a sadist can experience no greater pleasure than seeing the tears of his victim."

She was never to cry again, except in private. It was to stand her in good stead with the KGB, who later arrested her for spreading "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" through her poems. In another school incident, she was impressed, when telling elaborate lies to protect a class mate, that a similarly questioned friend simply answered the teacher with: "I'm not going to tell you". Even then she understood that a fear of authority and a readiness for deception were in danger of becoming deeply ingrained.

In October 1986, on the eve of the Reykjavik summit, she was eventually released, after mounting international pressure, from the notorious "Small Zone", a strict regime labour camp at Barashevo in Mordovia. She had been held there for three and a half years in a unit for women prisoners of conscience. Here she wrote most of the poems that make up her volume *Pencil Letter*, which were smuggled out to the chagrin of the KGB. In December 1986 she arrived in London with her husband Igor Geraschenko, where she now lives in the genteel suburb of Palmers Green (once the home of Stevie Smith). Soon after her arrival, she gave a reading at the Albert Hall. Out strode, not a prematurely ageing victim, but a confident young woman in a black leather skirt and short bob who declaimed her poetry from memory with total assurance. How on earth had she survived the privations, the hunger, the cold? Who was Irina Ratushinskaya?

Her new biography *In the Beginning* gives some clues, but there is something naive about the tone, something surprisingly unselfcritical. If she did ever suffer doubts about her collision course with authority, they are not examined here. Born in Odessa in 1954, she came from a stable educated family, her mother a literature teacher and her father an engineer. Intellectually precocious, she wondered why in atheist instruction "grown-ups spend so much time talking about something that doesn't exist". It was this reasoning, plus her introduction in *samizdat* to the poetry of Pasternak, Mandelstam and Akhmatova, that led her to God.

This discovery, and her relationship with her childhood friend Igor, who had also become a Christian, seem to have been decisive factors in her destiny. From that moment, it was as if she had found her true self, which she appeared, in spite of the consequences, to embrace with missionary zeal. She burned all her old manuscripts. "I would start afresh, even if I must pay the penalty of camps and solitary death".

With this statement the niggles and queries begin (and they are uncomfortable ones, sitting here in the comfort of a western democracy, for who could deny the suffering she endured?). The artist Joseph Beuys claimed that we are all artists, that art is a *a process of living*, which in itself is a creative act. Others would argue that suffering alone does not make art, which must be judged by its own standards. Some have accused Ratushinskaya of reactionary views, of making capital out of her life. Perhaps that is harsh, but would she be known in the west if it were not for the terrible privations she suffered? Will she be able to write anything of note in these changed times? For answers to these difficult questions, we will have to turn to her poetry and future writing.

Spellbinder

THREE TIMES TABLE
Sara Maitland
Chatto & Windus £12.95

Rebecca O'Rourke

"Here be Dragons", wrote the old map makers, warning explorers away from the ragged edges of their known world. Sara Maitland has never been one to keep to the old ways, always more than willing to look anew at the established order. In her latest novel she peels back a corner of its chart and invites us to follow her off the map.

To begin with, it looks like very familiar territory. Three women—Rachel, Phoebe and Maggie—are caught in that still moment where change and all its attendant chaos is looked at, rather than lived; that fraction of time when it is just too late to do anything but go on. The pace, in these opening pages, is langorous. A long look holds a 74-year-old's life work and a city spring evening in its steady gaze; with a slow gathering of the momentum that will move these three women through a day and a night like no other they have known. Beneath that stillness, curiosity's energy rises. What exactly is going on here? Who are these women? And what is going to happen next?

It turns out that Rachel is about to embrace a theory of origins that her life's work as a paleontologist contradicts. Phoebe, her daughter, is about to start living with cancer and Maggie, Phoebe's teenage daughter, is about to start living without Fenna, her dragon. Dragon? Yes: a wonderfully evoked chaotic presence who holds all the terror of sexuality and adult responsibility at bay while making real the enormous powers that children hope, and believe, they have over the world.

What starts out—dragons aside—looking like a fairly predictable run around the current thinking on mother/daughter relationships quickly becomes something quite different, altogether richer and more exciting. The painful pleasures of being a mother, and of being mothered, do make up a substantial part of this novel, and much of what is said is telling. But

Myth and magic have always kept close company with science and religion, though now clerics deny the connections

what makes it original and compelling is Sara Maitland's ability to create Maggie, Phoebe and Rachel as characters able to contemplate their various relations to mothering rather than simply suffer and protest its confinements. This necessary distance is made possible because Rachel and Phoebe are defined as much by their work, and the conflicts within those jobs, as they are by being mother and daughter. The pleasures of their work, and its capacity to absorb and extend them, is a rare, and welcome, theme for women's writing.

Exciting, too, is the way in which scientific knowledge and ideas filter into the novel. Chaos theory, gradualist evolution, Big Ideas, the abstract beauty of mathematics: all are handled with a confidence that does more than keep the plot secure and credible. It makes them interesting in their own right. Myth and magic have always kept close company with science, and religion, though nowadays both clerics and scientists minimise the connections. Using creative licence Sara Maitland teases out the links: both reason and faith attempt to understand the unknowable, and both are the province of frail and culpable human beings seeking protection.

The richness of the novel, however, does not come just from the novelty of its theme. Consummate story-telling plays an important part, weaving a sensual realism across the exhilirating, fantastic myth-making. It is skilled work, balanced and beautifully turned out.

There is something romantic, in the old sense of the word, about this novel. It is exciting, full of suspense and adventure. Will Rachel publish the paper or not? Can Maggie ward off Fenna, poised in magnificent fury against her? The heroines are put through their paces on their rigorous quests. Finally they learn acceptance and are thus delivered to their happy endings. Not, I hasten to add, in the arms of men.

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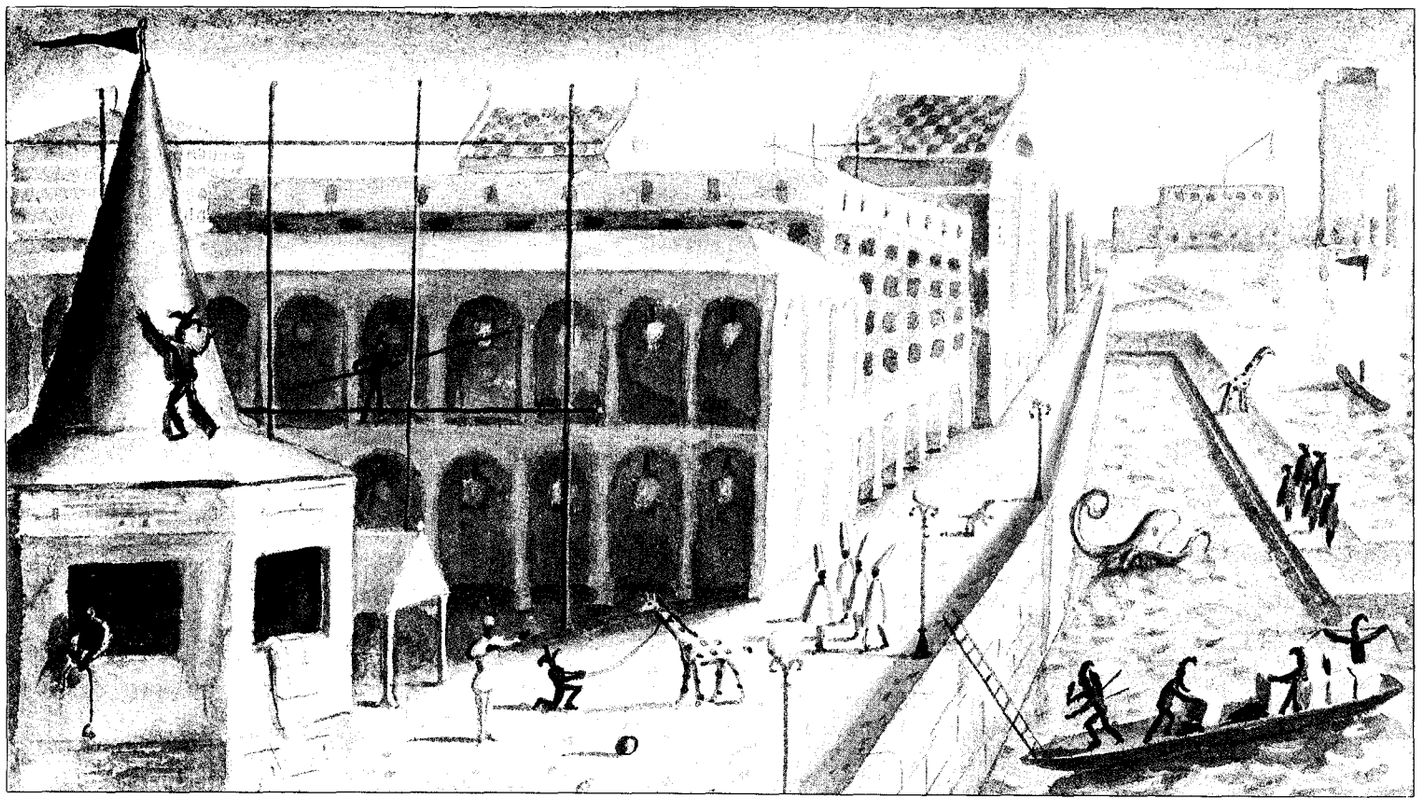

Greg Becker

Gondolas on the Thames

Venice is about to be shipped lock, stock and barrel to London, reports Rowan Moore

Every now and again conflicting architectural fashions, like old and young lions, fight battles over a single piece of territory, which only one can win. The design of the Foreign Office was one such battle—Classical against Gothic, Palmerston against Gilbert Scott—and London Bridge City Phase IIa is another.

Three years ago there was only one design for the site, which is next to Tower Bridge and opposite the Tower of London: a granite and glass mating of Greenwich and the Palace of Westminster by the American architect John Burgee. The developer-friendly London Docklands Development Corporation was minded to give it planning permission, but the proposal was sufficiently outrageous for the DoE to call a public inquiry. The developers, the Kuwaiti-backed St Martins Property Corporation, then hedged their bets by commissioning two more designs to identical briefs, one in corporate modern by Michael Twigg Brown, the other Venetian Renaissance, by John Simpson. Now the Inspector has come down in favour of Simpson, and Chris Patten, who has the final say, has agreed.

Since the content of all three schemes was identical, the decision was made purely on the quality of the designs, which may make the result a vindication of the burgeoning Classical revival, of which Simpson's project will be the biggest and most prominent monument so far. However, it is not quite as simple as that. Few, apart from the Inspector himself, enthused about any of the schemes, and Patten took the unusual step (for a government minister) of being less keen on a development than his Inspector.

The inquiry was an inverted Judgement of Paris, a choice not between beauty, wisdom and power, but between the crass, the dull, and the allegedly bearable. The criterion for approval or rejection was negative—that a scheme should not cause "demonstrable harm"—and arguments hinged more on issues like scale and continuity with the existing street pattern than on style. Indeed, the Inspector specifically excluded "aesthetic or academic preference" from his decision. The Simpson scheme was preferred because it gave the best impression of continuing the existing fabric.

In limiting his criteria the Inspector was only doing his job, but his inquiry managed to sidestep the two most important issues raised by the development. The first was the content, 1.25 million square feet of offices, which received outline permission in 1984 under the government's policy of developing the docks at any price. Presented as a *fait accompli* to the inquiry, it meant that any continuity with the surrounding area would be limited and cosmetic, and that any architect working on the site would be struggling to conceal the project's excessive bulk. The second, given the design of the three schemes, was style.

For it is on the strength of his chosen style that the youthful John Simpson has built his meteoric career and received royal support, and it is the style of his London Bridge City that hits you between the eyes. It is style that now makes developers all over the country tack gazebos and porticoes on to their dodgier planning applications, in the expectation of making them more palatable. Schemes like London Bridge City are their inspiration and their hope.

It is on its style that his design can be most immediately criticised, the obvious inspiration being Venice, with a Doge's Palace on the river

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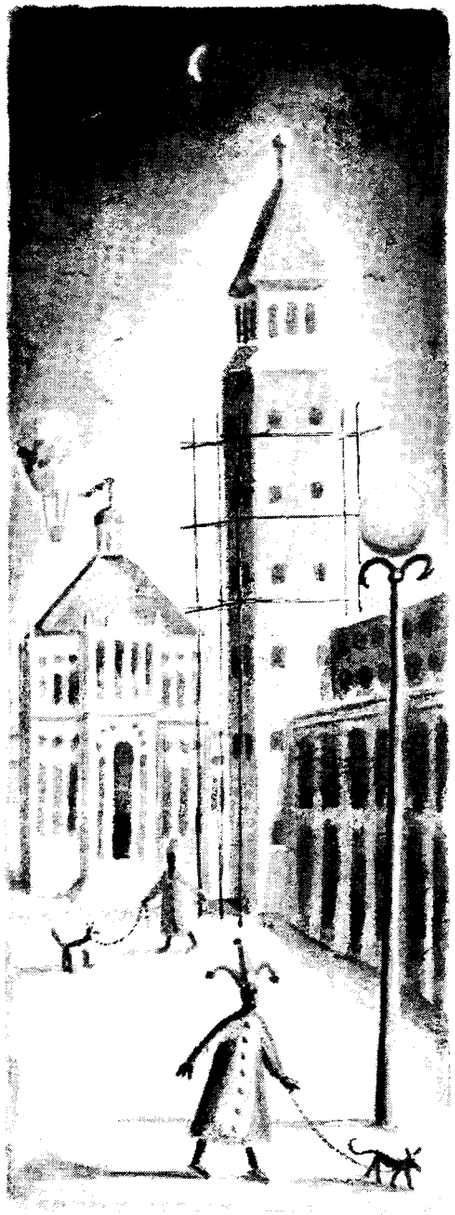


The scheme not only imitates Venice, but plunders her principal civic and religious monuments to dress up speculative office blocks

and campanile behind. The explanation for this is that the Thames, like Venice, is wet, but then so are Ramsgate, Bangkok and Leningrad, which have had little influence on the scheme. The finished product will have nothing to do with either London or Southwark, and will be as alien and arbitrary as any sub-Corbusian fantasy of the 1960s. London has its own history of riverside building, which Simpson has ignored. He says that the materials will be indigenous to England, but he seems not to have considered the effects of English materials and English atmosphere on shapes and patterns originally devised for the unique light of Venice.

The scheme not only imitates Venice, but plunders her principal civic and religious monuments to dress up some speculative office blocks. It is a problem of imagery: Simpson borrows the most powerful images he can find to avoid having to invent his own, but disconnects them from their symbolic and functional purpose and plants them at random on to something much more mundane. It is the architectural equivalent of playing Mozart to sell soap.

Extreme pretentiousness and bathos alternate throughout the scheme. Its apparent solidity is undermined by the skinny structure behind and the thinness of the external walls. The confident rhythms of the exterior give way to clashing column grids inside and awkward unthought spaces. At the corners of the palazzi, from where office workers might get the very best views up and down the river, Simpson has chosen to place his air conditioning plant. On the outside the corners are celebrated by three-storey versions of Renaissance windows, framing the necessary air intakes and louvres. From across the river these windows look important, places from which a Doge might appear, but they turn out merely to be glorified Vent-Axias. This is not classicism, but a sort of clumsy Dada, a less witty version of Duchamp's urinal/fountain.

There is also a problem of scale, with the palaces, Palladian villas and Bramantesque arches being reproduced at double or even triple size, with no concession to the fact in the details. There are terrifying clashes, for example when Simpson chooses, for no particular reason, to switch from the Doges' Palace to his giganticised Roman baths manner. There is no attempt to make the transition with any grace, skill, or even thought.

There are counterarguments to all these points. You could call the jarring and the disjunctions "mannerism", and point to well-loved misapplications of imagery like Tower Bridge itself. But for mannerism to work it has to be driven by more than clumsiness and whim, and while occasional structures of inspired lunacy may have their role, they require settings more rooted in reality. London Bridge City, the size of a small town, will create its own setting in which all is bad theatre, nothing authentic.

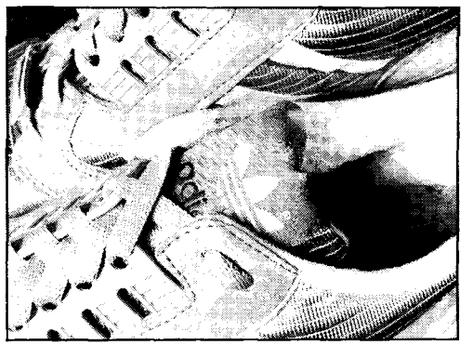
Nor is there any defence for the simple ineptitude of the design, on its own terms. It fails as both a Classical and a picturesque composition, while trying to be both. The tower is insufficient to offset the lumpiness of the blocks, and the scheme dithers between symmetry and assymetry.

All the weaknesses of the scheme derive from a single attitude, which is reductionist and surprisingly modern. It is the belief that all the aspects of the building can be dealt with as discrete entities, without reference to one another. Thus the exterior and the interior, detail and scale, form and content, style and context, imagery and decoration are unrelated, and no particular effort need be made to make them cohere. It denies each element its own qualities and history, and allows purposeful architecture to be sprayed on an aimless scheme. It also implies a very low view of Renaissance architecture as being nothing more than a set of goodies to be pulled off the shelf, as if by a small boy at the sweet counter.

Exhibition

Fit for life

Charlotte Du Cann unravels the current sports uniform



Body Map Clothes for A-Z Couriers (top) and, above, Adidas Torsion system running shoe

Each age chooses its own sport. Some for its diversion, some for its display and some for a direction where there was none. **Sport 90** (Design Museum, Butlers Wharf, London SE1, 6 April-27 May) charts the often uneasy relationship between sport and the society it supposedly makes fit for life. Sport has in its time signalled both a liberation and an enslavement. Sport freed women from the straitjackets of prewar society (bicycle bloomers) and postwar society (Chanel's beachwear, Clare Macordell's dancewear). But equally sport has incarcerated men and women in rigid patterns of behaviour and belief, from the regimented team games of the British public school to the mass demonstrations of callisthenics by the German Reich and the Soviet state.

The modern face of sport is not that of gamesplay but of fighting fitness. It belongs not to a jolly good sport but to a hard nut able to defend himself, a man more skilled at martial arts than swinging a tennis racket. The sports film of the last decade was not *Chariots of Fire* but *Rocky*. And, although the present fashion for wearing tracksuits has been heralded as a

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start to the non-materialist, gentler new age, it is salient to remember the well-trained, well-pumped body that goes beneath it.

The cult of physical strength began at the end of the seventies with the fitness boom via America: Jane Fonda, *Fame*, and rollerskating. By the beginning of the eighties the city streets were crammed with kids on skateboards and adults jogging. Everywhere magazines and films celebrated the perfect aerobic figure, healthy, independent and *in control*.

Workout wear was sold in every high street and incorporated into every fashion designer's lexicon (leotards, leggings and lycra). But it bore no relation to the sweet practice wear of ballet. It was hard, shiny and sleek and gripped the body in a remorseless vice. Nor did the language that was shouted out in the studios belong to a classical art tradition; instead it was borrowed from some marine training ground. Hit it, fight it, go for it. Burn, baby, burn.

As the gym became a powerful arena in which to display success (and almost as desirable a location in television advertising as, say, the boardroom or the restaurant), so the bodies that were honed there grew in stature. This was an era that celebrated the body not for its sensuality but its power. A "good body" had all the attributes of male beauty and male values: strength and fortitude. A resistant but still a brutal force.

The current sports uniform of youth has all its sartorial roots in this radical machismo. The global tracksuit of the nineties has no links with the casual wear of an earlier leisure society: the pink velour tracksuit of the Miami retirée. Nor indeed with the labelled show-off Italian tracksuit of the football terrace casual. This is the tracksuit that came from the ghetto, first sported by the militaristic hip hop bands like Public Enemy, or in the Spike Lee film, *Do The Right Thing*. There is nothing lighthearted about this sportswear: it is the traditional get-out gear worn by an underclass with no hope of a voice in the central debate.

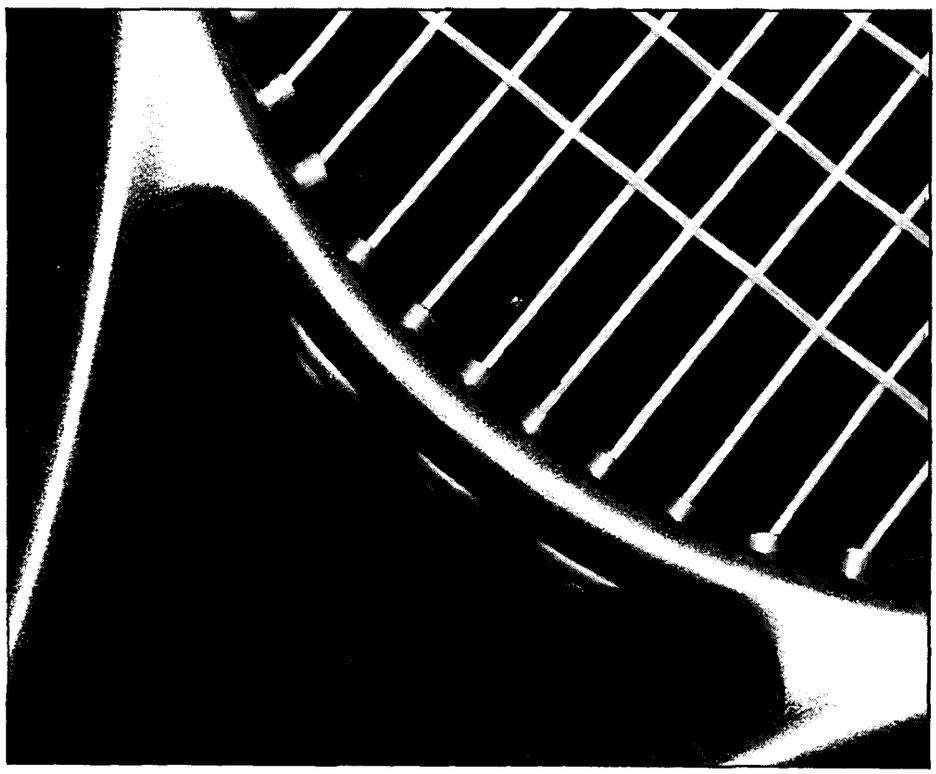
Whilst some sports have always been associated with the pleasures of a privileged class (bowls, cricket, badminton), others have often represented the only escape route for the underprivileged: sports that have needed no inherited fine understanding of rules and honour but simply, in terms of their management, tenacity and stamina. The guts of a pit-bull terrier, or a greyhound.

Boxing and athletics are the sports now celebrated in fashion's greedy wardrobe: from the cycling messengers of London and New York (dramatised by Jean Paul Gaultier's Soviet stretch) to the city fight circuit (romanticised as a homo-erotic underworld by Bruce Weber in the film *Broken Noses* and in countless *Arena* pages).

This could be dismissed as simply a demi-mondain flirtation. Except that everyone is suddenly wearing the gear. On the streets. In the clubs. With or without the misleading sweatshirt hood of innocence and purity or an amusing baseball cap. The intrinsic point about modern sportswear is that it is always worn with boots, or the sporting equivalent of the hi-top trainer.

In spite of the celebrated spirituality of the new decade, the reflection that confronts us in the media mirror is purely about physical force. The cult of the body beautiful is a dangerous game to toy with. It is a silent playing field without recourse to rhyme or reason. When brawn rather than brain dominates a culture, you have to run very fast sometimes to avoid being kicked. A healthy body does not always signify a healthy mind.

The old face of sport: Wilson tennis racket



Peeping Tom: Tomek becomes a milkman

Cinema

Caught in the act of looking

Suzanne Moore on the thrill of voyeurism

There is nothing like a spot of voyeurism to turn a film critic on. The thrill of seeing the actual mechanisms of cinema exposed, naked, right up there on screen, gives rise to the most pleasurable of sensations, as well as an excuse to trot out old film theory. For films about voyeurism from *Rear Window* to *Peeping Tom* to Krzysztof Kieslowski's latest release **A Short Film About Love**, make explicit what is implicit in all cinema.

At a general level, the voyeuristic aspect of cinema is more than obvious. We sit in the dark watching and waiting to be titillated. Fellini's memorable image of rows of young boys masturbating in unison at the Saturday morning pictures is an affectionate acknowledgement of this. We are all voyeurs in theory perhaps but, strikingly, Fellini portrays this as an exclusively male occupation. These wankers don't include women.

This is voyeurism as innocent fun, slightly regressive maybe, but an inevitable part of growing up. Here, we call men who spy on and harass women "peeping toms", which also carries with it connotations of harmlessness and innocence. It implies these men merely peep on what is already available for them to look at, rather than stalk out and intimidate women.

If I have slid too easily from the cinematic world to the real one, then I make no apology

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because it is only when the question of power enters that voyeurism becomes tainted, no longer an innocent pastime but instrumental in controlling and defining femininity. Kieslowski's film, another in his series on the ten commandments, like his previous film *A Short Film about Killing* refuses to debate such issues. Instead, he presents his story with the stunning lucidity that makes his work unique.

Tomek, a lonely 19 year old, has nothing to fill his life except his obsession with an attractive older woman who lives in the flat opposite. Apart from watching her through a telescope and binoculars, he starts intercepting her mail, phoning the gas man to deliberately interrupt her lovemaking, and takes a job as a milkman so that he can catch a glimpse of her. Eventually she confronts him and he declares his love for her. She is fascinated, despite her cynicism, and tries to show him that there is nothing more to love than the physical act of sex. He is devastated and slits his wrists. It's only then that she takes up her binoculars, trying to find out what has happened to him. All of this is set in a bleak housing estate that symbolises both the physical closeness and emotional distance of modern life. Kieslowski, though not an overtly political filmmaker, which may be why his films up to now have not been highly regarded in Poland, manages tiny digs at life there all the way through: the monstrous bureaucrats who manage the post office; the ice-cream parlour that has no ice-cream; the gasman who checks for a gas leak with a lighted match.

The substance of the film though, is the much larger theme of the difference between sex and love. Tomek's voyeurism is presented as an act of love: pure, idealistic and uncontaminated by sex. Magda's cool attitude reduces love to physical response. But significantly, it's only when Tomek is powerless, recovering from his suicide attempt, that Magda begins to pursue him.

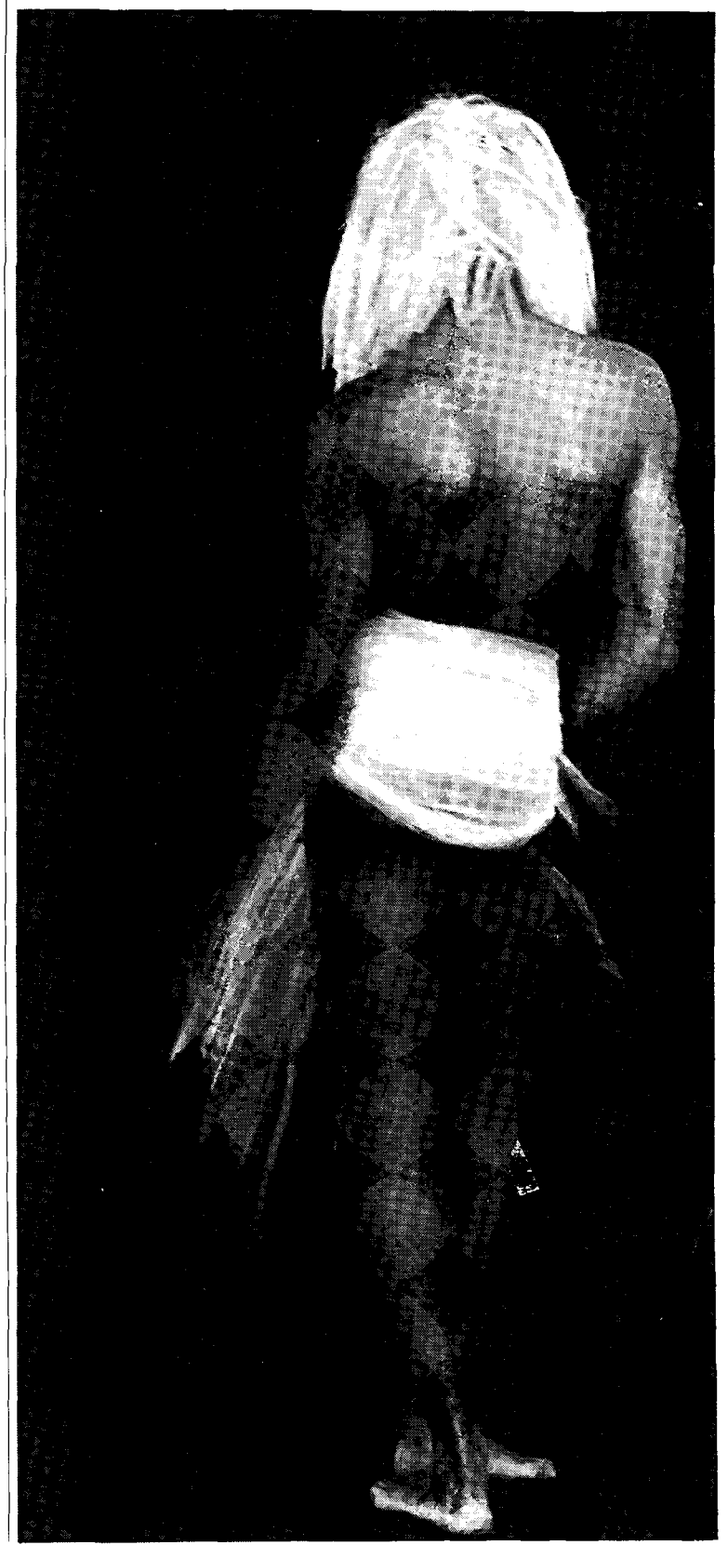
Earlier in the movie when Tomek was spying on her, she turns the tables by looking back. Tomek jumps. His enjoyment of the spectacle is marred by her knowledge that he is watching—her knowledge destroys both his innocence and his power. Kieslowski nods to this by having Tomek refuse his landlady's invitation to watch *Miss Poland* on TV. Why should he when he has his own private floorshow to watch? In spite of the crsytalline brilliance of this film, the central premise of the story line is hard to take—that a woman's response to a mounting campaign of sexual harassment (for what else is it?) is to be vaguely flattered and intrigued.

If, following Foucault, sex is not at the root of our being, then nor is the highly idealised version of love that Kieslowski offers us. Love may promise the reciprocity that voyeurism lacks but it does not operate in a vacuum. Yet, what Kieslowski does so well is reverse our preconceptions about the everyday manoeuvres of power—both characters exert more power over each other when they are individually at their most powerless. Kieslowski seems to be embracing this powerlessness itself. But is this a form of love, or resistance, or simply a bleak acceptance of the ways things are? His rare gift is that his detachment leaves us to make up our own minds.

Art

Black Narcissus

Amanda Sebestyen on black art searching for a new identity



"This is marginal culture. Life seen through fragments on a dressing table"

From a very different world: Autograph photographer Lyle Harris

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Knowing that we live in a moment when "Yesterday was determined by who spoke loudest", and that the individual subject (one's self, one's identity) has been dissolved, the black photographers of **Autoportraits** (Camerawork, 121 Roman Rd, Bethnal Green, London E2, until 14 April) show refracted reflections.

"Don't look here for a history
of my people
Don't look here for a history
of my self
For we, and I,
are a history of you." But are they really?

Allan de Souza's messages, computer-printed on peacock blue, warn against bathing in the exotic while his blurred red still lifes reach out to embrace us. Joy Gregory shows bleached sepia prints of a time when she was out of place, in Holland Park; then big sharp black and white close-ups—but they stop at the neck, the chin, the back of the head. The sexual confidence of makeup and unzipped neckline clashes with the hand-covered face, the teenage photo-booth fooling.

Boundaries in Monika Baker's series are even tenser. Even the words fight each other when she makes statements of autonomy. She wants to cut the umbilical cord and stop living only as a mother—but just about every one of her self-portraits ends up containing a picture of her son.

Stuart Hall's commentary on the exhibition, the first organised by the newly formed black photo agency Autographs, suggests that instead of the western tradition of the *self* portrait we are seeing "the staking of a claim, a wager". An exposure.

Like so many diaspora peoples of the past, these artists are taking a bet on the human openness of the viewer and attempting to reshape the body of the host country. Since the odds against are known to be huge and the consequences of failure could even be personal extinction, these photographs carry an edge that makes them moving rather than just "interesting".

It's true that few of the prints show the individual face, alone and frontal. Nonetheless, far more detail of the personal life feels exposed and confessed. Only the outrageous swagger of Afro-American Lyle Harris, weight-lifter's body swishing in ballerina costumes, comes from an absolutely different world. In a West End gallery these life-sized semi-nudes might have seemed empty. Here they're a hilarious relief from the finely-shaded interior miniatures surrounding them.

But in the shadow of the Brits' resolutely parochial reaction to grand endeavours like the Hayward's *Other Story* and *Art in Latin America* exhibitions, these layered lives do seem terribly fragile. Small stakes.

This is marginal culture. Life seen through fragments on a dressing table. But I sense that the black art movement finds itself at the turn of this decade where the women's movement found itself at the turn of the last: powerless to get out of the identity politics which gave it life. A hand is held outwards but the gaze is locked within.

Music

Lend me your ears

Roderic Dunnett on the appeal of Peter Maxwell Davies

Those who still struggle in coming to terms with what was commonly dubbed the musical avant-garde of the sixties could do worse than follow the career of "Max", Sir Peter Maxwell Davies, currently enjoying a retrospective at London's South Bank.

To many, music died with Vaughan Williams, Britten or Shostakovich, with much of the innovation of recent years (including even Tippett) remaining an unattractive, closed book.

Yet the generation of British composers growing up in the postwar period—among whom Davies is still probably the most articulate—didn't set out to indulge in some arcane, esoteric exercise; nor did they wish to restrict their communication to limited audiences of somewhat peculiar taste or ghetto mentality.

Their music grew naturally out of what they found elsewhere: the confidence to approach it may therefore best be served by understanding something of its origins.

British music from the thirties onwards was unusually slow to absorb the influence of the wider European scene. "Traditional" harmony at the turn of the century had long before moved through a less predictable "chromaticism", or harmonic "instability", to what was seen as a virtual "breakdown". As in painting, to make any fresh statement at all seemed to call for completely new approaches.

Several different solutions emerged. Schoenberg's attempts to re-order the chromatic (12 note) scale posed the greatest problem for the ordinary listener. It forsook the traditional tonic-dominant basis on which any pop tune hinges, believing that the attentive ear would, given time, soon adapt to new reference points and apparent dissonances. In England these innovations remained, even after the war, only thinly understood.

Maxwell Davies has been particularly successful in absorbing and reinterpreting such developments, gradually emerging with a distinctive sound and systems of organisation which render his music powerful at each emotional extreme: often deeply moving, at times profoundly disturbing.

A historical sense was best felt in the influence of medieval plainchant and multi-part polyphony, whose plangent sounds and tensionings of musical time (the same music often set against itself at several different speeds simultaneously) became the starting point for new works. He was further encouraged by contact with Pierre Boulez and others, whose own working methods were responsive to the controlling disciplines promoted by Anton Webern.

But those rigorous self-demands went back much further. Austro-German scholarship, by extraordinarily detailed analysis of the working methods and large-scale structures of the great composers, drew attention to the minute skill with which the architecture of the great symphonies—Beethoven's "Eroica", or Mahler's "Ninth" for example, is worked out. This persuaded Davies that only by endowing each evolving cell within a piece of music with its own function and closely charted course could any major musical work acquire its own inner logic, to align with the listener's deeper sense of the order or chaos in things.

Davies's great writing of the sixties, especially the celebrated "Music-Theatre" works, centred on honesty and falsehood, truth and distortion. In particular, they focused on the absorbing figure of the 16th-century English composer John Taverner, caught up among the conflicting forces of Henry VIII's revolution and lured to ultimate betrayal. With tremendous violence, the music of the opera "Taverner" and surrounding pieces distort material in the most extreme ways. Pure, serene melody gets literally crumbled into fragments—with a savagery many found hard to credit.

Davies's other "Music-Theatre" writing raises similarly disturbing issues: Who is sane? Is anything good or sacred? Whom do we believe? What can we trust? Is there innocence? The apparent near-nihilism of these stage works, fully underlined in the music, not only encapsulated the spirit of those years, but summed up a wider European angst which dated back to the artistic ferment and expressionist fervour of the early century. Virtually nobody in England had dared pose such questions in music before.

Virtually nobody in England had dared pose such questions before

Since his removal to clifftop Orkney, gradually the emphasis shifted back to the orchestra, to writing for children, and to vocal works drawing on reflective, often poignant texts from the Orkney poet, George Mackay Brown.

Recent works, including four symphonies, their sound and architecture stirred by a respect for Sibelius and Mahler—an extension, not a negation, of his previous work— draw the listener's attention to shifting peculiarities of light and water, the chatter of seabirds, the routine, constant lifestyle of a tiny community.

If listeners can avoid simple panic in the hunt for spurious tonalities, and resist such despondency as people often inflict on themselves, feeling they must consciously "understand" such music, a willing ear and open mind alone can suffice to bring home much of this music's highly accessible, often ravishingly beautiful, message.

The Maxwell Davis retrospective is at London's South Bank Centre until 10 April.

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Television

Tied up in stereotypes

Paul Morley on the big questions raised by ads

One of the best, and of course worst, moments during BBC2's fashionably laconic history of tele-advertising **Washes Whiter** (Sundays 8.05pm) is the showing of a mid-seventies commercial for something pretty feminine. A vacant, fleshy girl who has had her brain taken away by a successful advertising agency talks to us in a state of breathless excitement. We must imagine that she lives in a 9th-century village that is being invaded by Vikings. One of these Vikings will soon storm her hut and assault her. The thought of this greatly provokes her. Her quivering, dripping eyes, lips, breasts fill the screen, so we can presume that the ad is for some body product, not a custard cream. After an incoherent speech about softness, sweetness, shininess, she is hauled off to be raped by a hairy stranger hired by a successful advertising agency.

The ad is very much of its time, a time when Benny Hill was king and page three was new, when fantasy girls had their bodies exposed by successful advertising agencies in a panic response to women's lib. It's blatantly offensive, and raises a number of questions. What kind of society allows such degrading fantasies on to its primetime screens? What kind of company could allow itself to be represented by such idiocy? Is the ad smartly responding to natural trends in society, or clumsily creating them? Is such an ad an example of the attractive dizziness of civilisation, or a sign of it breaking down? Is it all just a lot of harmless fun that goes in one eye and out the other?

Advertising has always been about the big questions: solidly philosophical, essential questions about our lives, our fears, our dreams, our complexions and our kitchens. Every TV commercial asks the same question, some more politely than others: why haven't you got this product, what is *wrong* with you? If you buy this product, the world would be a more certain place. Every TV commercial asks questions about, and adds to, the all-consuming puzzle of day-to-day living. They're designed to make you feel weak with need and apprehension, to put you on the spot and in your place.

With half-hearted outrage and a vague sense of pride and joy, *Washes Whiter* celebrates the banal fetishism of the people who ask these questions, wonders how possible it is for any of us to answer them and, by the way, considers how TV commercials influence the way we value ourselves and our relationships.

The five-part series reminds us of some of the heavier questions we've been asked in the 35 years since TV ads began. We've been through a lot. Questions that start with just about the biggest of them all—are you happy? And move on down, and all around—how do you feel? What is a mum? Why don't I get promoted? What about romance? Have you remembered the fruitgums? Do you have dandruff? Do your clothes still smell even after they've been washed? Who says nice girls don't get fresh? What about the honey, mummy? What do you live for at 16? Love a Babycham? Why do babies cry so much? What does your cat prefer? Can she be sure her whole mouth is pure? Are you pleased with your carpet shampoo? Tense, nervous headache? Why are your hands so soft? Are you sure? Are you mad? Are you there?

The answer to all these questions is of course another question: who knows? Scores of experts who work and play in and around advertising keep interrupting the old ads themselves to ask even more questions. Is all this anxiety good for us? Do advertisers wish to reorganise society in relation to its satisfaction or their profit? Are we forced to invest products with meanings that don't exist outside advertising? How different would our lives have been without advertising—better, worse, the same...?

It's clear that by the end of the series, the answer to all the experts' tough, perceptive questions will be: who knows? The one thing we'll get to know for sure is what we've known all along; it's a scandal, it's humiliating and deceitful, but we love it. We're happy to play along: we adore being treated this way, we like complaining about it, we don't mind being tied up in stereotypes, patronised, abused, pointlessly intrigued, mildly amused, sentimentally trapped. We're flattered that TV advertising has made such adventures out of our daily lives, pleased to be consistently asked to make such apparently life-enhancing decisions, smug that the advertisers have to think of better and better questions to ask, and cleverer and cleverer ways of gaining our attention and trust. We love it when they tell us that we're dirty. We need to believe their promises. It gives us something to aim for: we're never quite clean enough, we're never quite *there*. Where is it all leading to?

Washes Whiter thinks it's about time to test what American media man Marshall McLuhan said: that the ads of our time are the richest and most faithful reflection any society ever made of its whole range of activities. Of course, ads are a convenient, ceaselessly shifting reaction to any society they saturate, a caricature of the superficial prejudices and desires of a left, right and self-centred population of image-struck consumers. During each of the five parts, at every stage of the story there's pushy tension: between the creation of trends and fads that advertising monitors and follows up, and between advertising nudging forward its own created moods and ideas, between our permanent gullibility and our complex cynicism, between manufactured perceptions of good and bad, and between the sexes.

Episode one dealt with the way women have been roughed up and smoothed down over the years, as quick-motion housewives or slow-motion soft-focus pretty things. Early on, profoundly trapped inside the mythical four walls of home, in the shadow of their more intelligent husbands, under the thumbs of their children, they were happy, even ecstatic, to be there. Women, it's said, may make up to 40 consumer choices a day; men just a handful. So women have felt the hot breath of advertisers' desperation in much more intimidating ways. It was standard, painful stuff to watch advertisers slowly adjust over the decades, fumbling towards finding ways to create a balanced acceptable view of women as wife, mum, mistress, professional, all at once as super and independent, yet still unthreatening to the spoilt man.

In the early days, without really thinking about what it was doing, advertising asked the silliest question of all—WHAT IS A WOMAN?—and it has spent decades trying to find a better answer than, who knows?

The big change seems to have been: the woman is still in the kitchen, but now she occasionally breaks out, and she's not taken for granted. At least she's been offered choices, even if, to the advertisers' relief, her preference is always going to be family over career. This is what is known as the new realism. It extends to men liking to be seen to be doing the housework even if they don't actually do it. Is this how it really is? Who knows. It's the ad world, as real as we want to make it.

Other episodes deal with the ways men and teenagers are targeted: fantasy, aspiration, truth. We are never far away from women's part in all this, as if they are the object that is being addressed, and indeed undressed. It's a crude history of women, as well as a fair assessment of a nation's selfishness. A sense of post-war Britain does emerge, represented as a shift from bright innocence to a new realism, a series of quick changes—from fifties' arrogance through the liberating sixties into the sad and sorry seventies, and back to eighties' arrogance—up to the present, when we're told we're trying to modify our narrow self-indulgence.

We've been very thoroughly researched. We still want the same things, we still want things to be cleaner, whiter, quicker, harder: we're just more careful, or so we're told, about our image of ourselves.

And the final question is: do we like ourselves? We can answer that.

No. But TV ads show that we have fun not liking ourselves.

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AT THE NFT IN APRIL

bfi

For *Time Out*'s view of the films listed below and of others showing this week at the NFT see 'Film: Repertory' listings

STEVEN SPIELBERG

The Goonies	6.30pm	Sun 1st
Fandango	6.30pm	Thu 5th
The Color Purple	6.00pm	Fri 6th
Young Sherlock Holmes	3.30pm	Sat 7th
The Money Pit	8.50pm	Sat 7th
Amazing Stories	8.40pm	Fri 6th
	6.15pm	Sat 7th
An American Tail	3.50pm	Sun 8th
Empire of the Sun	2.30pm	Mon 9th
	3.10pm	Fri 13th
	8.10pm	Sun 15th
Innerspace	6.00pm	Tue 10th
Who Framed Roger Rabbit	1.45pm	Sat 14th
	6.10pm	Wed 18th
	6.30pm	Fri 20th
Bigfoot and the Hendersons	4.00pm	Sat 14th
*batteries not included	5.40pm	Sun 15th
The Land Before Time	4.00pm	Sun 15th
Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade	8.30pm	Fri 20th
	3.30pm	Sun 22nd
Twilight Zone – the Movie	8.30pm	Wed 25th
Back to the Future II	3.45pm	Sat 28th
	4.15pm	Sun 29th

SEXUALITY IN WEIMAR CINEMA

The Violinist from Florence	6.15pm	Sun 1st
	8.30pm	Wed 11th
Different from the Others/ Sex in Shackles	6.30pm	Mon 2nd
Mikael/The Wings	8.45pm	Thu 5th
Pandora's Box	8.50pm	Fri 6th
The Blue Angel	5.30pm	Sun 8th
Ways to Strength and Beauty	6.15pm	Thu 12th
	6.15pm	Fri 13th
Mädchen in Uniform	6.15pm	Sat 14th
Eight Girls in a Boat	8.30pm	Sat 14th
Strange Tales/Nosferatu the Vampire	6.20pm	Mon 16th
	2.30pm	Tue 17th
From a Man's Virgin Years/ Viktor und Viktoria	8.30pm	Thu 19th
Journey into the Night	4.00pm	Sun 22nd
The Case of Colonel Redl	6.15pm	Mon 23rd
Kuhle Wampe	8.30pm	Mon 23rd
	4.00pm	Sat 28th
Farewell	6.15pm	Tue 24th
Anna und Elisabeth	6.15pm	Wed 25th
	8.30pm	Fri 27th

RECENT RELEASES

Drugstore Cowboy	Tue 3rd–Sun 8th
Jesus of Montreal	Tue 10th–Sun 15th
Dream Team	Mon 16th
	Wed 18th–Sun 22nd
Black Rain	Tue 24th–Sun 29th
Rosalie Goes Shopping	Mon 30th
	Tue May 1st–Sun May 6th

(various timings; see listings for details)

Other seasons in April include:

HUMAN RIGHTS **COUNTRY AND WESTERN**
BRITISH TELEVISION **FILIPPO DEL GIUDICE**
TREASURES FROM THE NATIONAL FILM ARCHIVE

Standard seat price £3.50; £2.50 concs. (proof of eligibility required) To see any film at the NFT, you can take out day membership at the door for an extra 40p on the seat price. Or pre-book by credit card. You can also become an annual member from only £10.25 (£7.50 Discount).

PLEASE CHECK AVAILABILITY AND TIMINGS WITH THE NFT BOX OFFICE ON 01-928 3232

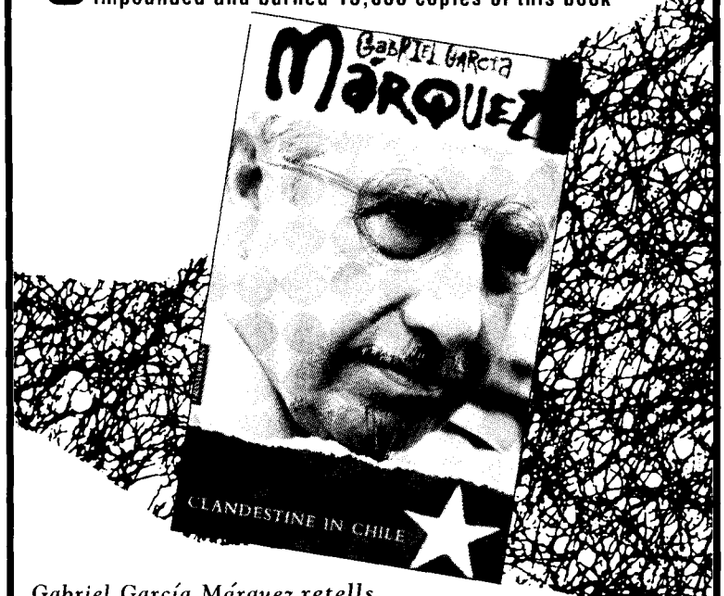
NFT

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE — SOUTH BANK WATERLOO LONDON

THE COMPLETE PICTURE

GRANTA BOOKS

On 28 November 1986 the Chilean authorities impounded and burned 15,000 copies of this book



Gabriel García Márquez retells

MIGUEL LITTÍN'S REVELATION OF LIFE UNDER PINOCHET

'A significant and thrilling tale of highly organised subterfuge ...' -*Observer*
'Excellent journalism' -*Independent*
'Brings embattled Chile vividly to life' -*Sunday Times* £3.99

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

New and experimental choreography from

CHOREOGRAPHY 1990

NEW WORX

Kim Brandstrup 'The Dybbuk'

Aletta Collins 'New Work'

JoAnn Fregalette-Jansen 'Noon Talk On Millionth Street'

THE PLACE THEATRE

Four nights only 18-21 April at 8pm
Tickets: £7.00 (concessions £5.00)
Box Office: 01 387 0031
17 Duke's Road London WC1

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Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

National Council of YMCAs

A leading national college offering courses in youth and community work as well as being involved in study projects and consultancies invites applications for the post of

PRINCIPAL

to succeed the present Principal who retires in early 1991.

There is considerable scope to show innovation through total responsibility for management of the institution, planning for the future across a wide range including international activities and contact both within and outside the academic world. The college is part of a major world-wide organisation which is a leader in the development of young people.

Salary is negotiable between £24000 and £28500, a car will be provided and membership of an excellent pension and life assurance scheme is offered. The post is based in North East London, and removal expenses are reimbursable.

Applications showing how you could meet the requirements of this exciting opportunity should be sent to John Maitland, Naitonal Council of YMCAs, 640 Forest Road, London E17 3DZ by April 10th or please call Mrs B MacDonald on 01-520 5599 straight away for an application form and further details.

N. F. B.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF THE BLIND OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

ADMINISTRATIVE AND DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

Salary range £11667 to £13824

The National Federation of the Blind is a self-help organisation seeking to improve the conditions and quality of life of visually handicapped people throughout the United Kingdom.

We are now recruiting an Administrative and Development Officer to be based in our National Office in Wakefield. This is initially a three-year appointment, to be taken up in the summer of 1990. The Officer will be responsible to the Executive Council for a range of duties which will include supporting the Executive Council, its committees and Federation branches in their campaigning and other work; ensuring that the National Office is run smoothly; and developing fund-raising and recruitment activities. The post involves responsibility for supervising two part-time clerical staff and a small number of volunteers. Assistance with removal expenses will be considered.

Applications from visually handicapped people will be particularly welcome. Desirable qualifications include good organising ability, familiarity with office routines, a working knowledge of braille (or a willingness to learn), and a commitment to helping visually handicapped people to gain more control over their own lives.

Those wishing to apply should send a c.v., together with a brief statement outlining relevant qualifications and experience and explaining why they are interested in the post, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to W.B.L. Poole, President NFBUK, 97 New Bond Street, London W1Y 9LF; tel: 01-629 8738. Applications may be in braille or print, or on tape. Closing date 30 April 1990.

The Hoxton Trust

ASSISTANT PROJECT DIRECTOR

Responsible job with go-ahead inner-city community organisation

15 - 17.5 hrs pw. £14 – 16,500 pa pro rata

THE HOXTON TRUST
156 Hoxton St, London N1 6SH (01-729 1480)
call for details

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey,
OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House,
15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT.
01-828 8345.

EDUCATION & RECREATION DEPARTMENT

Senior Psychiatric Social Worker

Social Worker Level 3
£13,374 - £15,570 pa inclusive

We need someone for 28 hours per week (0.8 of a post) to work in a busy Child Guidance Clinic administered by the Education Authority. The ability to work as a member of a team, and experience in child guidance work, essential for the post which carries considerable responsibility.

Benefits include an essential car users allowance and relocation expenses in approved cases.

Application form and further information available from the Director of Education & Recreation, Crown House, London Road, Morden, Surrey, SM4 5DX. Telephone 01-545 3878 (24 hour answer service). Please quote reference E0537.

Closing date for receipt of applications is 20th April, 1990.

Job share applicants welcome with or without a partner.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
merton
Merton is an Equal Opportunities Employer
All applications will be considered on their merits

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NCH RESEARCHER CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

S01 £15,954 – £16,803 inc.

NCH in partnership with the Newcome Child Development Centre are undertaking a research project into the services offered to children who have been sexually abused, and their families.
There will be a particular focus on the views and experiences of the recipients of these services, and the lessons and consequences to be learned for agencies and individuals engaged in direct work.
The appointment will be for a period of three and a half years, and based at the Newcome Child Development Centre, Guy's Hospital. The researcher will be employed and managed by NCH, and will have functional links with the Departments of Paediatrics and Child Psychiatry at Guy's Hospital.
We are seeking someone to be involved in the design and undertaking of this research.
Applicants should have relevant skills and experience in direct work with children and families, and in research. A background in social work and/or psychology would be helpful.
Further information and application form can be obtained from:- Chris Spragg, Assistant Regional Director, NCH (London), Hornabrook House, 10 Rutford Road, SW16 2DH. Tel: 01-769 9010.
For informal enquiries please contact either Dr. Margaret Lynch on 01-955 4651, or Chris Spragg on 01-769 9010.
Closing date for applications Friday 20th April 1990.
NCH is a Christian-based organisation and aims to be an equal opportunities employer, offering appropriate training opportunities to all employees.

NCH

BIRMINGHAM FOR PEOPLE — DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

Birmingham for People is a highly successful voluntary organisation campaigning on planning, development and environmental issues. We require a Development Officer to build a broadly-based membership, working closely with groups and individuals in the community, and to raise funds for future work. We are looking for an excellent communicator with administrative skills.

Funding for two years initially, salary £7500 - £9000, up to 30 hrs/wk (negotiable). Some evening and weekend work.

Birmingham for People aims to be an Equal Opportunities employer. We positively welcome applications from women, minority ethnic groups and people with disabilities.

Contact: Birmingham for People, 138 Digbeth, Birmingham, B5 6DR. (021 643 4343). Closing date: 27 April.

THE WELSH COMMUNIST PARTY

seeks a full-time

ORGANISER

Main responsibilities: press, publicity, and organising an October 1990 public conference, plus the day to day running of our office. All applications welcome, including possible jobshare.

SECRETARY

For wideranging political, organisational and campaigning work in Wales. For this post, applicants must be members of the CPGB. Job share possible.

Both posts are for one year, fixed term contract, salary £8,029 pa.

Closing date for applications for both posts: April 20th.
Interviews will be held on May 3rd.

For job descriptions write to 13 Wingate Drive, Llanishen, Cardiff, or tel 0222-756690. To discuss either post informally, phone Elaine Moore on number above.

LINEAGE/HEARTSEARCH BOOKING FORM

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If you book three consecutive ads you get an extra one absolutely free

You can now reach more than 250,000 readers every week with a small advertisement in *New Statesman & Society*.

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50p per word (minimum 20 words) incl. VAT.
Box Numbers £2.50 extra

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Please complete the coupon below and send with remittance or credit card number.

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet

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ADDRESS .....

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No. of weeks ..... Remittance £.....

Or charge my Access/Visa/Barclaycard No .....

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Please state classification.....

Post coupon to:
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New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

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Turning Point is the largest National Charity helping people with drink, drug and Mental Health problems

ROMA DRUG PROJECT

ROMA is a unique and innovative project based in Hammersmith. We provide residential support for 20 notified drugs users many of whom are HIV+ or have ARC/AIDS. The emphasis of the programme is on enabling clients to reduce the chaos in their lives thereby creating the opportunity to make decisions about the future. Information regarding harm reduction and preventative health care is given a high priority.

NURSE

Salary – £12,318 - £13,782 incl + Sleep-in allowance.

To work a basic 39 hour week with sleep-in duties on rota basis. Nurses will be required to provide nursing care, education regarding healthy living and contribute to all aspects of the programme.

The minimum qualification for this post is RGN. No previous experience of working with drug-users or people with AIDS is required but enthusiasm and an ability to develop new skills is essential.

SOCIAL WORKER

Salary £12,318 - £13,782 incl + Sleep-in allowance.

To work a basic 39 hour week with sleep-in duties on a rota basis. The post holder will share responsibility for all aspects of the programme including counselling group work, practical skills training and day to day supervision of the project. We are particularly interested in applicants with social work or psychiatric nursing qualifications/experience.

Turning Point is striving towards equal opportunities and therefore welcomes applications from all sectors of the community.

For a job description and application form, please telephone 01-606-3947 or write to Turning Point, CAP House, 9/12 Long Lane, London EC1A 9HA.

Closing date for applications: Friday 13th April 1990.

PART-TIME ADMIN/ FINANCE ASSISTANT

INTERFUND an international development agency concerned with Southern Africa requires a part-time Admin/Finance Assistant to keep books, and assist in financial reporting and general administration.

Candidates must have proven experience and/or a qualification in bookkeeping and basic organizational/secretarial skills. Working knowledge of computer accounting/word processing would be an advantage.

Candidates must also have a commitment to development and social justice in Southern Africa.

Salary: Scale £7,560 — £8,748 p.a. (25 hrs per week)

Job description available from **INTERFUND, 3rd Floor, Aberdeen House, 22 Highbury Grove, London N5 2EA, (Tel: 01-704 0424)**

Closing date: 17 April 1990

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

TWO ASSISTANT DIRECTORS

£24,426

NACRO has undertaken a reorganisation of its senior management functions to reflect developments and expansion, particularly in the area of resettlement, which has resulted in the creation of an additional post. We now wish to appoint two Assistant Directors, each to perform a key role in the management of service delivery and policy development, to be based in our Head Office in London.

The Assistant Director Housing and Resettlement will be responsible for the management of the Housing Section, with particular responsibility for development of policies within the context of changes in housing and related legislation as it affects offenders, and for ensuring the effective development of NACRO's work on resettlement for ex-prisoners. A working knowledge of the housing field is required for this post.

The Assistant Director – Prisons Section, Black Initiatives Unit and Training Section – will manage these distinct teams, which share the common approach and purpose of working with other agencies in the criminal justice system to bring about changes and improvements in how offenders are dealt with.

Both posts represent a significant challenge, and require abilities commensurate with senior positions in a large national charity. Professional experience of the criminal justice system is therefore essential, as is a proven ability to articulate and develop relevant policy matters.

For an application form and job description please contact: Vijay Naidu, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PM. Telephone (01) 582 6500.

Closing date: 25th April 1990.

NACRO aims to be an equal opportunities employer and to eliminate unfair discrimination against anyone in its selection process.

NACRO

National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders

for the care of offenders and prevention of crime

University of Stirling

LECTURESHIP IN POLITICAL STUDIES

As part of a planned expansion of Political Studies, applications are invited from candidates with a research interest in some aspect of the politics of Western Europe. Candidates should also be competent to teach British Politics.

It is hoped that the successful candidate will take up the post from August 1990.

Salary will be on the Lecturer Grade A or B (£10,458 to £20,469 pa), dependent on age, qualifications and experience.

Further particulars are available from the Staff Office, University of Stirling, Stirling FK9 4LA. Tel: (0786) 73171, Ext. 2314, where applications in the form of a CV including the names of three referees should be returned by Friday, 27th April, 1990.

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

To find out more about the strength of our Classified Recruitment Section ring 01-739 1645

●

Speak to Michael Breen or Siobhan O'Shea

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KP SU

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS UNION

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS' UNION

require a

GENERAL MANAGER

Who, as the senior member of a thirty strong staff team, will co-ordinate the administrative, financial, representative and commercial functions of this expanding organisation.

Receiving a grant from the Polytechnic, which is complemented by a trading turnover close to £700,000, the Students' Union is planning a number of new comercial projects in which the General Manager will be required to play a leading role.

Applicants should possess a range of management skills and experience – in particular those associated with personnel and with commercial activities. Experience of and empathy with the modern student movement is desirable but not essential. The General Manager will be required to advise elected officers on strategic and corporate matters.

The salary will be in the range of £17,931-£21,423 (currently under review) according to age and experience.

An application form, along with further particulars can be obtained from: Gill Holmes, PA to the General Manager, Kingston Polytechnic Students' Union, Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames Surrey KT1 2EE. Tel No: 01-549 9961.

Closing date for completed applications: Noon on Tuesday 17th April 1990.

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS' UNION IS STRIVING TO BE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD

MA IN SOCIAL AND COMMUNITY WORK STUDIES

Applications are invited from people with experience in social work, community work, education and related fields within the welfare state and the voluntary sector. The Bradford MA is recognised by CCETSW as a post-qualifying course and offers opportunities for those interested in research, the development of practice skills, or management students pursue core courses in social theory, social policy and strategies of intervention. There is also a wide range of options which can be adapted to meet individual interests, including education and training, mental health and illness, community projects, violence to women and children, world poverty, youth studies, therapies, race and ethnicity, health and illness, work and unemployment, and studies of gender. The course can be taken either full-time for one (calendar) year, or part-time for one day a week for two years. A small number of studentships will be available. The closing date for applications is 30th April 1990.

For prospectus and application form, contact The Postgraduate Secretary, Department of Applied Social Studies, University of Bradford, West Yorkshire BD7 1DP.

Health Researcher
for Harriet Harman M.P.
£16,500 p.a.

apply with c.v. to
Harriet Harman,
House of Commons,
London SW1A OAA

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MUSIC TRAINING SPECIALISTS FOR THE HEALTH, CARE & EDUCATION PROFESSIONS.

NEW COURSES DESIGNED FOR PROFESSIONALS WHO USE OR WISH TO USE MUSIC IN THEIR WORK.

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PLACES ARE LIMITED - BOOK EARLY!

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Meetings

Labour Women's Network Policy Seminar

The Economy

A day for women to discuss Labour's Policy on the Economy

Saturday 19th May 1990
9.30 am to 4.30 pm
Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS

Margaret Beckett MP ★ Jo Richardson MP
Patricia Hewitt ★ Diana Jeuda

Full access/creche available
REGISTER NOW. £10 Waged/£3.50 Unwaged.

Send to LWN, PO Box 708, London SW10 0DH with your cheque payable to Labour Women's Network.

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• Organic Gardening • Ecological Landscaping
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For details send an SAE to
Lesley Bradnam, C.A.T., Machynlleth, Powys, SY20 9AZ.
Tel: 0654 702400.

Conferences

REALISM AND THE HUMAN SCIENCES 1990 CONFERENCE

Southampton University
7-10 September 1990

This is the 6th annual conference in a series concerned with the nature of realist philosophy and its relationship to the human sciences and practical activity. Speakers at previous conferences have included Michèle Barrett, Ted Benton, Roy Bhaskar, Alan Chalmers, Norman Geras, Russell Keat, Hilary Rose, Mike Rustin and Kate Soper.

The theme of the 1990 conference is HUMAN NEEDS AND POLITICS

Sessions will seek to introduce and explain realism and the research programme it generates for exploring human nature, the environment, political structures and human emancipation.

Papers are hereby invited on the philosophy of biology, feminism, psychoanalysis, Red/Green issues, race, international relations and injustice, or other relevant topics. For further details, or with offers of papers (informal or formal) please contact.

Andrew Collier
Department of Philosophy, University of Southampton SO9 5NH

Tel: 0703 595000 ext 3445

Politics of the Modern Middle East

MSc. Econ. Taught course.
M.Phil and PhD supervision.

Contact Abbas Vali: Dept. of Politics, University College of Swansea, Swansea SA2 8PP
Tel. 0792-295302/3

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Call Michael or Siobhan on 739 1645

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Publications

WITNESS FROM THE FRONTLINE Ed. Ben Turok, £4.00. Crucial Week in South Africa by Ben Turok, £2.00. World Bank in Africa by Percy Mistry, £2.00. Democracy in Africa by Abdulay Bathily, £1.00. From: IFAA, 23 Bevenden Street, London N1 6BH.

DUTCH INTERIORS, new poems by Sarah Lawson, only £1.95, from Mid Northumberland Arts Group, Town Hall, Ashington, Northumberland NE63 8RX.

Property To Let

N.13 NEAR STATION Two double rooms in friendly, shared house, all mod cons. £80 per week inc food. Newly decorated, garden. 01-886 6753, evenings.

Workshops

HOLWELL CENTRE FOR PSYCHODRAMA AND SOCIODRAMA

RESIDENTIAL WORKSHOPS IN TRAINING AND TREATMENT:

Dream Workshop — March 30th-April 1st with Tony Crisp

***Introduction to Psychodrama* — April 1st-7th with Marcia Karp and Ken Sprague**

The Sessions — April 29th-May 5th with Jinnie Jefferies

Sociodrama Training — May 13-May 19th with Ken Sprague

Personal Stories Journal — May 25th-27th, Australian D Pearson

***Being a Man in a Woman's World*, June 3rd-9th with Ken Sprague**

Cancer and Psychodrama, June 17-22nd

For brochure and courses throughout the year, Holwell Centre, East Down, Barnstable, N Devon EX31 4NZ. Tel: 0271 850 267.

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SCARCE BOOK SERVICE list wants 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street. London SW13 9LR.

Courses

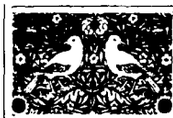
GENDER AND SOCIAL POLICY is entering its third successful year. Join us in October 1990, full- or part-time. M.Sc./Diploma at The University of Bristol. Options in Law, Culture/Education, Health, Employment and Family Policy. Details from Ann Warren-Cox: 0272-303030.

Personal

LOOKING FOR ROMANCE/MARRIAGE? UK/USA Worldwide, all ages. S.a.e. Someone Special, PO Box 157, Luton, LU3 4HY. (0582) 597235.

Heartsearch

ASIAN MARRIAGE & FRIENDSHIP Bureau International welcomes non-Asians. All areas/ages. DNSS, 181 Melton Road, Leicester. Tel/Fax 0533-610266.



OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

RECOVERING WORKAHOLIC, female lecturer (Midlands), seeks warm, anti-sexist, anti-racist, sensual male (33 - 42) to help rediscover interests: Rock/Pop/Soul music, sunshine, politics, athletics (walking), talking, history, alternative humour. Photo appreciated. A.L.A. (eventually!). Write Box (13) 164.

WOULD THE ABOVE ADVERTISER PLEASE CONTACT THE ADVERTISING DEPT.

WIDOWER professional, n/s, retired, leftist, still learning, seeks slimish woman for warmth, travel, growth and more. London/Kent area. Please write to Box (09) 108.

GENTLE RECONSTRUCTED MAN, humourous, intelligent, aware, warm-hearted, courageous, trustworthy, unattached, sought by similar woman, 50 years young, who believes you exist somewhere, for joint ventures/mutual enjoyment. London area initially. Box (10) 116.

LONDON WOMAN, YOUNG ACTIVE 49, in helping profession. Enjoys visual arts, creating interiors, learning languages, travel in Africa and Europe, yoga, riding, but tired of independent lifestyle. Would like to meet reflective, sociable man to share love of arts, landscape, beauty and exchanging idaes. Preferably spiritually and politically alive. Box (10) 109.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, INTERESTING MALE (34), seeks long-term relationship with gregarious, well-balanced, attractive woman (26-36) for giggles in bed, children, cinema etc. London based, but will travel. Photo appreciated. Write to Box (12) 139.

MAIDENHEAD MAN (49) 6ft 2in, urgently seeks, preferably local, female (30-45). My interests are sailing, skiing, current affairs, theatre and cinema, but don't let these put you off. Please write to: Box (12) 140.

HOME COUNTIES. 48-year-old widow, in PR, petite blonde, attractive. Interests: travel, walking, bridge, tranquil home life with good conversation, music—seeks male companion (age immaterial) of highest integrity. Sense of humour and kindness important. Box (12) 152.

ARE YOU an otherwise happily married lady, under 50, who would enjoy a "sometimes man" for an exciting, deeply satisfying sexual relationship? Millionaire businessman, 45, tall, dark and "nearly but not quite handsome", romantic, educated, reliable, discreet, workaholic married to his work would love to hear from you. Absolute discretion assured. Daytime get together possible if evenings inconvenient. Photo if possible please. Phone number essential, discreet daytime contact. Write Box (11) 123.

GRADUATE MALE, 27, considered to have 'Germanic' good-looks, but not conceited, seeks intelligent, adventurous, dark and attractive girl for stimulating correspondence and possible rendezvous. Presently abroad but returning June. Please write to Box (13) 153.

LOOKING FOR A WOMAN with special qualities? Would you like an elegant, attractive and accomplished woman by your side? She's lively, petite, passionate, fun, loving and loyal. You're a sensuous, sharing, romantic, adventurous and powerful man with a sense of humour who wants a deeply fulfilling and lasting relationship. Between 39 and 50, 5'10". N.S. Box (13) 154.

WOMAN, NON-SMOKER, wanted to share house in Hackney with one other. £225 pcm. Inclusive. 01-986 1304. Evenings/weekends.

WOMAN, 55, humourous, intelligent, equable and reasonably attractive seeks man of similar description. Warm and active relationship sought. Please reply to Box (13) 155.

MUSICIAN, GRADUATE, (50's). Turned farmer in beautiful West Wales, seeks warm, attractive, sensual woman to be a loving friend. Please write to Box (13) 156.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MAN (61) interested in the Arts generally, seeks attractive woman, any race or circumstance, for warm-hearted, life enhancing friendship. Please write to Box (13) 157.

VITAL INDEPENDENT WOMAN, mid 30's seeks warm, intelligent, humorous male for socializing, fun and trivial pursuits. Bradford area. Please reply to Box (13) 158.

ENVIRONMENT-FRIENDLY WOMAN, 26, slightly deaf, cat-lover, seeks considerate man, under 40 for affectionate relationship. W. Yorks or thereabouts. Write to Box (13) 159.

FEMALE, 45, seeks male - unpretentious, humorous, mildly eccentric even! Who might enjoy good food, wine, theatre, concerts, films etc. East Anglia. Please reply to Box (13) 160.

CHOOSY FEMALE, Cambridge based, children fledged, needs male companion 45 - 60 for visits to opera, theatre, exhibitions, walks in the park etc. Please write to Box (13) 161.

HUNKY, CONSIDERATE, intelligent, discreet professional man 42 (open marriage) seeks lady friend to generate occasional mutual warmth and excitement as antidote to Thatcher's 90's. Oxford. Please reply to Box (13) 162.

DISCREET MATURE LADY (40) wishes to meet naturist-minded individuals for massage therapy sessions. West End. Easy parking. (From the Continent). Please write to Box (13) 163.

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2 column 132
3 column 200
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1 column 45
2 column 98
3 column 149
4 column 200

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

KENSINGTON AND CHELSEA, Age Concern need both short and long term volunteers to offer emotional, moral and sometimes practical support on their home from hospital scheme for elderly residents of the borough being discharged from both Westminster and Charing X hospitals. Training and support provided and encouraged, and travelling expenses paid. For details please contact Judith Knight on 938 3944

OXFAM shops run against the grain—it would be a shame to lose them—community commitment to those who have so few opportunities to even make a start. Help us keep OXFAM shops exciting. Volunteer to be an Oxfam shop helper. Ring 202 2245, or call in if you can find four hours a week.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED for small, busy children's charity in the city. Either a regular commitment to office work (no qualifications are necessary) with all expenses paid, or a week's commitment during July/August to accompany a child on an adventure holiday. For details please ring 01 236 3632.

WOMANKIND (WORLDWIDE) a new charity established to fund women's projects in developing countries, seeks a very reliable volunteer 2-3 days p/w for one month. We urgently need someone to help us through a very busy period, inputting donors onto a database and helping with other administrative jobs. Experience on a donor database helpful. Reasonable travel and lunch expenses paid. Please ring Sheila Fernando on 01 247 6931.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED for residential community in Devon working on building, environmental and social projects. Cheerful personality is more important than skills. For information ring Leslie or Sandra on 036 37 228

ANY SPARE TIME? Volunteer literacy tutors urgently needed to work with ex-offenders in Southwark. Training starting on May 3rd (evenings). Open evening for more information on 29th March, 7-9pm, at Summer House Sumner Road, Peckham, SE15. Phone 252 8022.

THE 300 GROUP is an all party organisation whose aim is to increase the number of women Members of Parliament. We welcome volunteer help with data-entry and general clerical assistance. Please contact Kathy Bell, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG. Tel: 734 3457.

MEDICAL CAMPAIGN Against Nuclear Weapons and the Medical Educational Trust need volunteers to help set up a Resource Centre at N. London office - cataloguing and/or skill with GreenNet computer network appreciated. Travel expenses paid. Please phone Ian Lee (272 2020) or write 601 Holloway Rd, N19 4JD.

FELTHAM Citizens Advice Bureau in the London Borough of Hounslow needs volunteer advice workers. Full training will be given after selection. Challenging and rewarding work. Minimum commitment of 2 days per week, flexible hours can be arranged. The Feltham Bureau positively encourages all applications from all people, regardless of sex, race disability, marital status, sexual orientation, age or creed. Phone Chris Morris or Jane Jewell on 01-890 2363.

THAMES HELP

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears three times a week on Thames Television at 6.50pm approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

This week we are looking at community video.

Tuesday 10th April - London Video Access

Vasha Lighthill has always been in awe of technology, so when she decided to make a video about the early years of her life in Clerkenwell she turned to London Video Access. They're one of the many grant-aided, independent film & video workshops in London whose brief is to offer a service to those groups who don't normally get a look into mainstream TV. This week we take a look at what the workshops have to offer. We are producing a directory of workshop facilities in London and launching a new competition to screen the best videos made by community and voluntary groups.

For more details phone 01-388 8282 after the programme.

Wednesday 11th April - London Deaf Video Project

The London Deaf Video Project make videos in British Sign Language for the deaf community. British Sign Language is still not widely used on television and many deaf people feel that their needs are ignored by mainstream television. The London Deaf Video Project was set up in part to meet that need. Tonight we meet their video worker Leslie McGilp and launch a video training course to encourage other deaf people to get involved in the project. The London Deaf Video Project can be contacted at: Southbank House, Black Prince Road, London, SE1 7SJ.

Write for details to: Thames Help (London Deaf Video Project), PO Box 2LP, London W1A 2LP.

Thursday 12th April - Pimlico Arts & Media Scheme

Debbie Pearce is halfway through a one year video training course for long term unemployed people at the Pimlico Arts and Media Scheme. She is looking for a career in film or television and the video course is providing her with vocational training. She is also hoping to produce a show reel of programmes she has made to show to prospective employers. Details of vocational and other training in film and video can be found in Thames Help's new directory.

For a copy, write to: Thames Help, PO Box 2LP, London W1A 2LP.

THAMES TELEVISION

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

FRENCH TRANSLATORS - SOS Sahel, an environmental agency working in Africa, needs French/English translators of oral history interviews with Sahelian villagers and pastoralists. Please contact: SOS Sahel, 1 Tolpuddle Street, London, N1 OXT. Tel. 01-837 9129.

BLACK VOLUNTEERS are needed to help the Otter Canoe Group for children with special needs in South London. The children in our group are from ethnic families. We meet every Monday evening in Battersea, between 6.30 and 10.30pm. Please contact David or Celia on 01-733 7210.

LEICESTERSHIRE NHS Alert. Volunteers needed to help with organising a series of public meetings. General admin and other social & campaign events. Please contact: Reen Adams, 1 High Leys Drive, Oadby, Leics, LE2 5TL.

VOLUNTEER COOK urgently needed two or three mornings a week, to cook or help prepare the main midday meal at this friendly drop-in Centre in Earls Court. Ring Bob or Alistair on 01-835 1389. Great experience, reasonable travel expenses paid.

A VOLUNTEER IS REQUIRED (Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands). Fit girl with caring personality to assist spinal cord injured young lady solicitor dependent on a wheelchair. Duties include personal care eg. help washing, dressing, toileting, getting/up going to bed. Some cooking and general help. Experience not essential. Free accommodation and living expenses of £41.50p per week. Live in own room. Hours to be agreed with other volunteer working on a shift system. Placement 4-6 months plus. Contact 021-354 8646.

RETIRED TEACHER wishes voluntary work with children, especially difficult children. Some recent experience voluntarily with 5-11 yr olds in independent school and play schemes. 68, sound health, no liabilities. References. Modest investment possible. Anywhere. Write: Earnest Laban, Wynstay, Stopcroft Road, Balcombe, West Sussex.

COULD YOU BE a committed friend to someone with a learning difficulty living in Camden? We are looking for people who can offer a regular, long term commitment of friendship and support people in getting out and about in the local community. For further information please phone 01 482 6395 and ask for Erica - if I am not there leave a message and I, shall get back to you.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3119 Set by George Cowley and P S Burton
A printable conversation between a prostitute and his or her client, where the client is a public figure whose identity is hinted at but not explicitly stated.

Report by Grace Elegy
I think it was the word "printable" that did it. While there was a welcome lack of the usual smut, the adjective which came most often to mind as I read through your valiant attempts was "flat". I will give you an example: "Oh hello! I phoned you earlier. Norma, is it?" "Yes, that's right. Let me take your coat." "Wait a mo. Here's a bottle in one of the pockets. Can I offer you a drink?" "No, thank you." "You don't mind if I have a snifter?" "Not at all. I'll get you a glass..." And that, dear readers, is almost half-way through! I shan't embarrass the unlucky entrant further—but will, in fact, give him comfort by saying that *there were a lot more like that*. The winners get £15 each, except for Peter Norman who can have £10—it seemed a bit metaphorical to me.

—And here, in the dark and mysterious night, high in the uplands of North London, lives the exotic species known by the common name of *Courtesan*, or by the lesser-known appellation *Pro*. We shall remain here for a time in the undergrowth and listen to its dark, mysterious mating call . . .

—I . . .

—Observe, too, its shiny beaded body, with a tough outer skin like the Amazonian amphisbaena, and its darting head. Quite agitated . . .

—Please . . .

—It is like nothing we have ever seen. Let's get a little closer and investigate its natural habitat. The other inhabitants of the environment appear to be very frightened of its strange repellent behaviour . . .

—But . . .

—We shall stay here overnight and identify its breeding ground, for there must be more than one of them . . .

—*Listen*! I recognise you from the box! I'm a traffic warden—what you're looking for's across the street!

John O'Byrne

—You're Labour aren't you?

—Certainly not. What made you say that?

—You've got the *New Statesman* sticking out of your pocket. Mind if I look at it?

—Feel free.

—Ta! Why is it marked PROOF? Do you work for it then?

—Yes. I'm the —

—Dad always took the *Statesman* but he don't now.

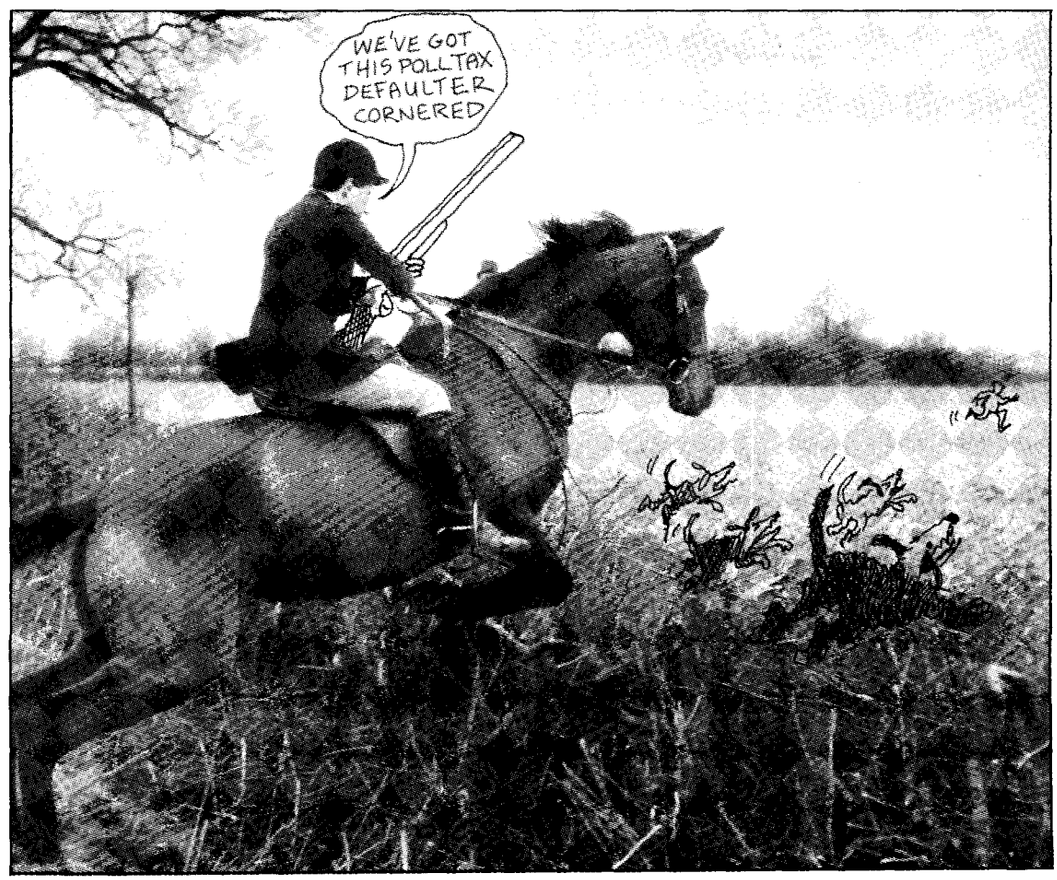
—Oh?

—Mum won't have it in the house. She says it's got worse since they took on that & Society bit. Dad reads it down the Public.

—That's interesting. Do you read it?

—I used to like the back bit. Do they still have it?

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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—Yes. I tried to stop it once.

—I like that Greenwell bit. He must be ever so old. That's another thing Mum didn't like!

John Stanley

SHE: I can't abandon my principles. I told you, and it's no use thinking the Balaclava hides them—I don't do freckleds and tattoeeds.

HE: *Fyfanwy fach*, rose of Caerdydd, don't be militant now.

SHE: And don't kneel. Don't *kneel*. I'm not into feet. Only straight sex. I would never have gone on the game but living in Lambeth like, a high-spending Labour council, my husband, that's him in the tight white trousers there, said how else could we pay the poll tax?

HE: Another victim driven into vice by vicious Thatcher and her policies! Well, I for one believe in supporting the family. Call your husband over and we'll make it a threesome. I can't say fairer than that now, can I, all for one and one for all!

George Moor

CLIENT: It is our destiny to join together as one.

PROSTITUTE: Yes, dearie, it'll happen soon enough, don't you worry. Oooh, American cigarettes, that's nice. What a lovely gold lighter. Matches your specs.

CLIENT: You can have it. Here. Now, I demand that we press ahead towards full union as fast as possible.

PROSTITUTE: Oooh, we are in a hurry, aren't we? That your Audi outside, is it? Lovely motor. Vorsprung durch Technik and all that. I've got a bleeding Trabant.

CLIENT: You can take the car. Videos. Dishwashers. Have anything you want. I desire you so much! Be mine!

PROSTITUTE: Mmmm, you're very seductive. The last bloke I had, he was a real cheapskate. Drove a clapped-out Lada. He never gave me anything—just threatened to slap me about a bit if I didn't play ball. But you—you're a real gent.

CLIENT: I want you.

PROSTITUTE: Go on, then—take me. But it'll cost you.

Peter Norman

No 3122 Set by Tim Hopkins
Submission for an anthology of nihilistic verse. Any verse form you like. Entries to be in by 19 April.

SALAMANCA

COLLINS THESAURUS

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Thesaurus in A-Z form* for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 159, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E28DQ by first post 17 April.

SALAMANCA: 159 "That Good Old Street"
Three themewords, A, B, C, do not appear in the grid, but each has a number of followers, unclued, which must be entered, which may serve as examples. The link between the three is given by the completed main diagonal to which the title hints. Unchecked letters in these show MY CALM STREET OF WEST C.

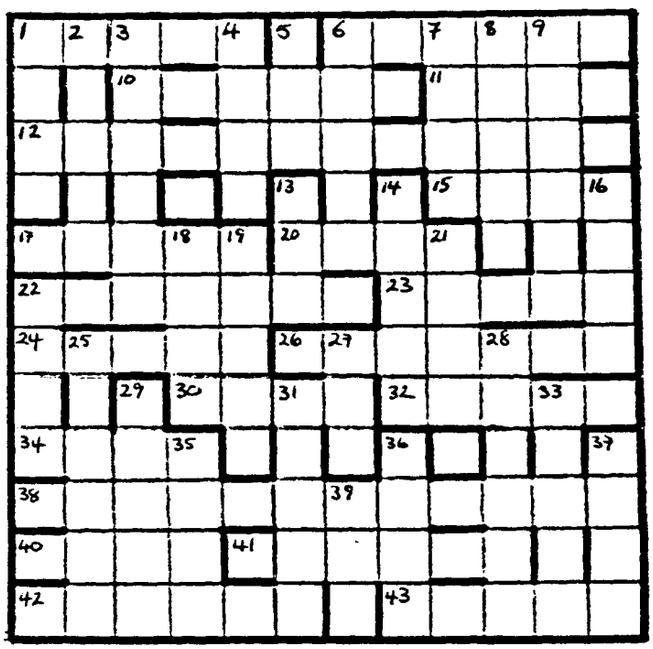
ACROSS
1. Mr —, a nameless brutish person (5)
6. *Follower A or B* (6)
10. Jock's cure for me, taken in a rush—one for energy (6)
11. This *might* have impeded your vision? (That's nonsense mostly, as it ought to be brushed back) (4)
12. Students of philosophy, say, relax in a sand storm (12)
15. Knock back hot drink? Nearly (4)
17. Where fish spawn it's murkier: one's to leave before coming back (5)
20. This extinct beast you'd have found coated in fur usually (4)
22. Refusing to say anything about collection of things in military knapsack (7)
23. A drop of the hard stuff? I'd *never* touch it in a month's round! (5)
24. Bony part of big toe broken (5)
26. *Follower B* (7)
30. One on river about right for this? (5)
32. Seen taking a dive, surface of water breaking, does this? (5)
34. This animal *could* be found in Vol. 1 of nine encyclopaedias? (4)
38. He plays supporting role and, made up, abandons cane (2 words, 12)
40. *Follower A or B* (4)
41. Wood, dead or alive (6)
42. By going without song what must you need? (6)
43. Yelled 'O' quaveringly? *Could* be the foreign —? (5)

DOWN
1. *Follower A* (4)
2. Heads of azaleas lining sheltered walk (5)
3. *Follower B* (6)
4. Where might you find female with head hidden from view? (4)
5. *Follower C* (3)
6. One definitely for or against drink, say (5) . . .
7. . . . accepted drink, although not for it? (4)
8. One involved in a plot with no extras (5)
9. Gin mix many consumed in bar (6)
13. *Follower B* (3)
14. Things of little importance to American rookie we hear? (5)
16. *Follower A* (4)
18. Crude epic hard to understand in part (4)
19. *Follower B or C* (5)
21. Fibre plant found growing where it's mostly warm and light (4)
22. One tailless monkey (4)
25. This settlement's made by NT Semites with —? (6)
27. *Follower C* (3)
28. Brigadier, say, with soldier's heart, excellent and grand, turning up (6)
29. A kind of—ah—chocolate? (If lacking health, perhaps you should have this?) (5)
31. *Follower C* (5)
33. Pliant unstable King abdicating (5)
35. *Follower C* (4)
36. Who was deserted in old song? (Greensleeves?) (4)
37. *Follower B* (4)
39. *Follower A* (3)

Solution to Salamanca 157

P	O	W	E	R	S	T	H	A	T	B	E			
A	V	O	N	U	P	H	O	L	D	E	R			
M	E	A	S	L	E	E	A	I	S	L	E			
P	R	A	I	S	E	R	S	T	G	L	C			
A	F	L	G	D	D	U	Q	D	I	E	T			
S	O	M	N	A	M	B	U	L	A	T	E			
I	N	A	U	G	U	R	A	T	O	R	S			
A	D	I	T	O	S	S	T	H	U	I	P			
U	N	N	I	B	A	T	H	O	R	S	E			
D	E	R	M	A	G	O	B	L	A	T	E			
I	S	O	P	R	E	N	E	O	T	I	C			
T	S	E	S	A	R	E	V	I	T	C	H			

Prizewinners:
Colin Coates, Derby
Dr J F Grimshaw, London
Arwyn Thomas, Mid Glamorgan



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Those countries ahead of Britain in pharmaceutical research are shaded red

Let's keep it that way

Because it leads the world in the search for and development of new medicines, the British pharmaceutical industry last year achieved exports of over £2 billion and a balance of trade 'surplus' of almost £1 billion.

In order to sustain these record achievements it is essential that Britain's innovative pharmaceutical companies receive adequate patent protection for their new advances in treatment.

MPs can help by urging the UK Government to support European Commission proposals to *restore* at least some of those years of patent protection that are *lost* because of the time it takes to develop, test and license a new medicine. The United States and Japanese Governments have already acted in this respect.

Why should Britain's industry be at a disadvantage?

THE BRITISH PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY.
HELPING TO KEEP BRITAIN HEALTHY.

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